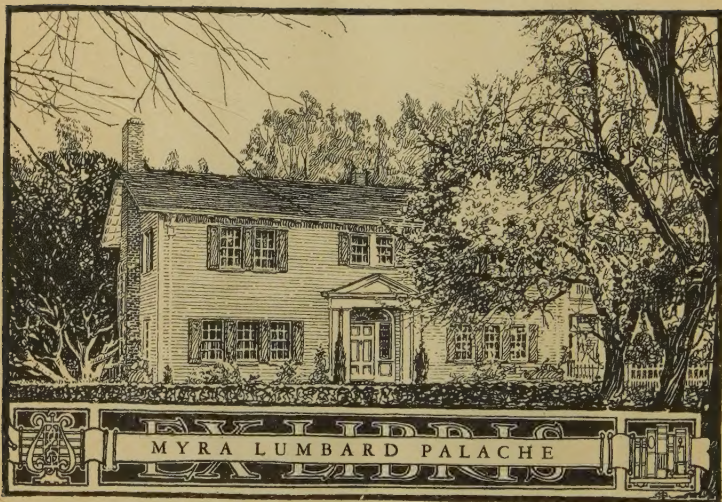


ARTISTIC IDEALS

by

DANIEL GREGORY MASON



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Artistic ideals

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BY

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Author of

"FROM GRIEG TO BRAHMS"

"BEETHOVEN AND HIS FORERUNNERS"

"THE ROMANTIC COMPOSERS"

"CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS"

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TO
VAN WYCK BROOKS
In remembrance of
inspiring walks and talks.

"An act can only be successful or unsuccessful when it is over; if it is to begin, it must be, in the abstract, right or wrong. There is no such thing as backing a winner; for he cannot be a winner when he is backed. There is no such thing as fighting on the winning side; one fights to find out which is the winning side. . . . For the man of action there is nothing but idealism."

CHESTERTON.

"Real action is in silent moments. The epochs of our lives are not in the visible facts of our choice of a calling, our marriage, our acquisition of an office, and the like, but in a silent thought by the wayside as we walk; in a thought which revises our entire manner of life, and says, 'Thus hast thou done, but it were better thus.'"

EMERSON.

"The cure for us is far more simple than we will believe. All the better natures amongst us see it and feel it. It is a good direction given by ourselves to our hearts and consciences."

GEORGE SAND.

FOREWORD

These papers on *Artistic Ideals* were first presented to the public as a series of lectures on the Norman Waite Harris Foundation, at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, December, 1925. The author wishes to thank the chairman of the Foundation, Dr. Theodore W. Koch, for his generous interest at that time. Acknowledgments are also made to Mr. Oscar G. Sonneck, editor of the *Musical Quarterly*, New York, in which the first five of the essays appeared, and to Mr. A. H. Fox Strangways, who published the last in *Music and Letters*, London.

The essays have been based on passages culled from the author's reading during many years, in the hope of sharing their stimulus with other artists and lovers of art. The sources of the longer passages will be found noted in the References to the Quotations at the back of the book. Some of the brief sentences, copied down many years ago or at second hand, cannot now be traced.

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PREFACE

Every young artist finds himself apparently alone in an alien world, indifferent or actively hostile to all that most deeply appeals to him, organized, as it almost seems, to propagate all that he detests. On every hand he finds himself invited to do the cheap and obvious or the sensational and eccentric thing he despises; everywhere he finds ignored or derided the simple truth and beauty he loves. No doubt this opposition, systematic as it may seem, is unintentional and temporary; no doubt if he persist in his vision men will also at last see it through his eyes; but meanwhile he is like a sailor in a storm, far from port, buffeted by vain winds, half drowned in senseless waves, blinded, deafened, bewildered. How in this hurly-burly is he to maintain any sense of his direction?—how keep from being utterly lost? Like the sailor he must remember, not the wind and the waves, but the stars, steadfast above them. Ideals alone, fixed as the stars,

can bring him to port at last. They are more real, despite their remoteness, than all the near confusions. Let him never lose sight of them, and he is safe in any storm; let him forget them or despise them because they gleam so frostily, and he is lost already. The first art of every artist is to choose the right ideals.

For this preliminary essential choice, and for the daily renewal of it on which his artistic vitality depends, the artist will draw his strength chiefly from the encouragement and contagion of high example. His apparent solitude, he will learn, is an illusion: all artists have been strangers and vagabonds in the world, and by that freemasonry all are his predestined fellows. So learning, he will find his weaknesses safeguarded, his hopes reassured, his joys reverberated: he will realize a fellowship in which he can live. Hence it is an essential part of the wisdom of the young artist to make daily companions of his earlier fellows—men who have triumphed over his obstacles, endured his loneliness, withstood his temptations, cherished his ideals, and realized his aspirations. And we may read in the comments of these our elder brothers on their ob-

stacles, temptations, ideals and aspirations, as they are presented in the following pages largely in their own words, their affectionate counsels to us, as they whisper in our ears, as it were, leaning protectingly over us, the inspiring truths they have learned. Perhaps we can learn them too. Perhaps, applying them, we can realize in our art some of the immortal joy they realized in theirs.

But not if we expect the sympathy of our present world. Each of the ideals here championed not only runs counter to the feeling in every age of the average man—that is to say of the majority—but expressly opposes itself to tendencies peculiarly characteristic of our place and time. Thus the ideal of Independence requires resistance to the herd spirit now so widespread, to our worship of quantity and indifference to quality, to our unthinking devotion to organization, standardization, propaganda, and advertising. The ideal of Spontaneity, with its insistence on joy in the work itself, challenges our competitive spirit, our insatiable ambition, our devotion to constant restless activity, with its denial of leisure and its drying up of the springs of unconscious

emotion. As for Workmanship, not only are American impatience and superficiality fatal to it, but the cheapening effects of the profit system have now so spread from industry to all the arts and sciences that anything but jerry-built ephemeral work is apt to be economically disastrous. The same haste and distraction penalize Originality, which requires time for the artist to achieve and for the public to understand, and put a premium on pseudo-originality, with its appeal through sensationalism to minds either inattentive or preoccupied. Finally the ideal of Universality finds itself more or less in a vacuum in the modern world, where humanity is divided up into countless classes and cliques, and taste is lost between the crudity of the majority and the fads and affectations of snobbish minorities. Sometimes also the disinterestedness so essential to universality seems almost impossible to achieve in a society where economic considerations so habitually outweigh all others as they do in ours.

Not only is each of the ideals here set forth, moreover, individually and specifically opposed to powerful contemporary tendencies,

but the very conception of the importance of ideals in general, working as they do through individuals, is obliged to challenge our present faith in mass methods. If your ordinary "practical man" of today ever forgets himself so far as to admit that our civilization fails in any respect of perfection, even then he maintains that it is to be set right not by anything so subtle and immaterial as better ideals, but by his modern cure-all, "organization." He does not see that all his organizing can only reshuffle what already exists—that new values can come into existence only through ideals. The three authors quoted at the head of these essays penetrate to a deeper level of truth. Chesterton sees that "for the man of action there is nothing but idealism"; Emerson, that real action is in "a thought by the wayside"; George Sand, that "the cure for us is more simple than we will believe," that it is in fact nothing less intimate and ultimate than "a good direction given by ourselves to our hearts and consciences." Directions: that is precisely what ideals are; and it is as directions that they are so vital to those who would arrive anywhere, and so contemptible to the devotees of

mere motion and purposeless activity, or as it is called nowadays, "progress." Idealists see that it is better to go a little way on the right road than a long way on the wrong one. That the present world of industrial, political, and scientific "strenuousness" has not succeeded in making us happy is in large measure due to its having chosen or wandered into a direction away from some of our most fundamental human values, such as the quiet experience of beauty. In such a world the ideals here set forth cannot but seem remote, to some moods almost hopelessly so. Yet they may for that very reason point the way to a better world, achievable by us or by our children's children, but only as we frame and follow intelligent ideals. "No one nowadays" wrote Flaubert in 1865, "cares anything about art, for itself. We are being swamped in vulgarity at a terrifying rate, and I do not care to see the twentieth century. As for the thirtieth, that's a different matter."

I. *INDEPENDENCE*

I. INDEPENDENCE

"Great, genuine, and extraordinary work can be done only so far as its author disregards the methods, the thoughts, and the opinions of his contemporaries, and quietly works on, in spite of their criticism. . . . Should his life and work fall upon a time which cannot recognize and appreciate him, he is at any rate true to himself; like some noble traveller forced to pass the night in a miserable inn—when morning comes, he contentedly goes his way."

—Schopenhauer: *Essay* on "Genius."

I

ART has always been the creation of individuals; wherever, overcome by the herd pressure, individual independence fails, art dies; and a chief cause of the deterioration of art in our own day is our loss, through mass production and distribution, excessive division of labor, and other characteristic modern conditions, of the sense of individual initiative. If we wish our art ever

to thrive again, we have first of all to recover this lost initiative. How to recover it is not only the central theoretical artistic problem of our time, but the practical question on which the fate of each individual artist depends. Without it there can be no artists, but only artisans, tradesmen, and drudges. Independence is thus the first, the fundamental artistic ideal.

Since to understand a condition is the first step toward controlling it, it is important for us to ask ourselves just what it is that hinders the individual's emergence from the herd, and whether this emergence is truly more difficult in our own day and place than it has ever been before. In recent years the thinking minority seem to have begun to feel that it is. Let Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn be their spokesman. Writing in *The Nation* of "the extreme psychical gregariousness of the average American" he says: "Spiritual isolation has no bracing quality for him. To be in a minority makes him feel indecent to the point of nakedness. His highest luxury is the mass enjoyment of a tribal passion." "Democracy," he remarks elsewhere, "which began by liberating man politi-

cally, has developed a dangerous tendency to enslave him through the tyranny of majorities and the deadly power of their opinion. . . . They abhor the free and self-originating soul—the solitary thinker, fighter, reformer, saint—and exalt the colorless product of the uniform herd.”

To a few keen observers this tendency has long been apparent. It was John Stuart Mill who asked, “How can great minds be produced in a country where the test of a great mind is agreeing in the opinion of small minds?” And as early as 1839, Emerson wrote to a friend, “In this country we need whatever is generous and beautiful in character more than ever because of the general mediocrity produced by the arts of gain.” Recently criticism has begun to analyse the ways in which far-ramifying commercial organization makes for the dominance of herd standards. We have been shown, for example, how the syndicating of newspapers and magazines degrades their contents to what will please the majority; how, through the box-office, the majority dominate theatre, moving-picture house, even opera and concert; how, in dealing with the careless and

the gullible, advertising and propaganda tend to be substituted for intrinsic quality. On Justice Holmes' ideal of "doing a thorough piece of work into which he put all his strength, and *leaving it unadvertised*" an Englishman's comment was, "Can you imagine anything more un-American?"

Psychologists have been helping the critics by showing on biological grounds the necessary inferiority of the mass to selected individuals. Such a book as Mr. E. L. Thorndike's little monograph on *Individuality* shows how individual differences, in all human powers, cluster about one average type, and how, in them all, the mediocre individuals are immensely in the majority. Diagrams representing the distribution graphically by oblongs like blocks standing on end, the mediocre individuals in the middle, the subnormal at left, the supernormal at right, present silhouettes like that of some Woolworth Building, with insignificant sheds or porches at its knees. So enormously does mediocrity preponderate. Since, therefore, commercialism is forced by the economic laws governing competition to aim at the majority, commercialism necessa-

rily and inevitably degrades quality. "The great mass of humanity has never had anything to do with the increase of intelligence," says James Harvey Robinson, "except to act as its medium of transfusion and perpetuation. Creative intelligence is confined to the very few, but the many can thoughtlessly avail themselves of the more obvious achievements of those who are exceptionally highly endowed."

Of course there is nothing new in the mere numerical preponderance of mediocrity; and it would not need to alarm us if it were not for the sinister fact that under modern conditions the crowd has grown so articulate, so organized, and so assertive that the gifted individuals, lost in it, too often become bewildered and demoralized by the dull mass they ought to leaven. No reader of Mr. Bertrand Russell's *Why Men Fight* is likely to forget his terrifying picture of the artist thwarted by herd standards. "The things that crush growth," he says, "are those that produce a sense of impotence in the directions in which the vital impulse wishes to be effective. . . . Because the impulse is deep and dumb, because what is called common sense is often against it,

. . . it happens in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that the creative impulse, out of which a free and vigorous life might have sprung, is checked and thwarted at the very outset: the young man consents to become a tool, not an independent workman; a mere means to the fulfilment of others, not the artificer of what his own nature feels to be good. In the moment when he makes this act of consent, something dies within him. He can never again become a whole man, never again have the undamaged self-respect, the upright pride, which might have kept him happy in his soul in spite of all outward troubles and difficulties—except, indeed, through conversion and a fundamental change in his way of life.” No reader will forget his analysis of money-worship and its effect, as a pervasive atmosphere, in stifling art. “It makes men treat as unimportant those of their desires which run counter to the acquisition of money, and yet such desires are, as a rule, more important to well-being than any increase of income. It leads men to mutilate their own natures from a mistaken theory of what constitutes success, and to give admiration to enterprises which

add nothing to human welfare. It promotes a dead uniformity of character and purpose, a diminution in the joy of life, and a stress and strain which leaves whole communities weary, discouraged, and disillusioned."

II

So obvious in the whole life around us, especially in America, has become this drab monotony of our machine civilization, from which we try in vain to find relief in our moments of amusement by lashing our jaded nerves with ever more violent stimuli, that recent criticism is full of descriptions of it, explanations of its causes, proposals for its cure. Unfortunately most of the remedies offered, based as they are on organization, education, propaganda, or mass action of some kind, themselves appeal back to the very herd spirit that has made the trouble. They are themselves symptoms of the disease they propose to cure. Dissatisfied, for instance, with our meagre supply of youths of talent, we offer prizes and scholarships, not seeing that, administered as these must be by men uncon-

sciously swayed by the tastes of the herd, they will go to acceptable mediocrities, not to geniuses intent on new truth. By competitions we seek to "stimulate" artists, forgetting that creative activity is individual, not competitive, and knows nothing of current fashions. In short, we use bureaucratic methods, and then wonder why, in art, they do not work. Bertrand Russell can tell us. "Art springs," he says, "from a wild and anarchic side of human nature; between the artist and the bureaucrat there must always be a profound mutual antagonism, an age-long battle in which the artist, always outwardly worsted, wins in the end through the gratitude of mankind for the joy that he puts into their lives."

"The artist, always outwardly worsted"—only as we think to the root of the matter, only as we realize that the artist is bound to be outwardly worsted, since to be an artist is to be independent, and to be independent is to cut oneself off from the favor of the crowd:—only as we think thus radically shall we arrive at the truth which can save us. All the facile modern methods of combining art with popularity and wealth, of writing works of

genius that are also "best sellers," of breaking new ground without the inconvenience of delving, and of being original without shocking any prejudices, are mere pleasant day-dreams. The truth is less pleasant, but infinitely more inspiring. William James saw it and proclaimed it in a passage in his *Letters* that every young artist should learn by heart. "As for me," he writes, "my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs always, till history comes, long after they are dead, and puts them on the top."

It is only such harsh but stimulating truths as this "under-dog philosophy" of James, this recognition that immediate failure is an indispensable condition of ultimate success, that can put us on our guard against all the shallow optimisms, all the cajoling and misleading complacences of our time. Understanding of the necessarily slow permeation of everything that has real quality will help to convince us, moreover, that modern conditions, horrible as they are, differ from those of the past in degree rather than in kind, and that the great artists have always been menaced by herd compulsions. It will help to show us that the methods by which they maintained independence need only conscious adoption, courageous application, and perhaps some deliberate extension, to be efficacious even to-day. It gives us a feeling of companionship, of not being alone in our struggle, when we read in Sir Charles Stanford's *Pages from an Unwritten Diary*: "The world of music is not substantially different from what it has been. It has always exalted those of its contemporary composers who dealt in frills and furbelows above those who considered the body more

important than its clothes. Only a few wise heads knew of the existence of Bach. Rossini was rated by the mass of the public far higher than Wagner. Simrock said that he made Bohm pay for Brahms."

Great men have themselves been conscious, in all ages and in all departments of work, of the stupid indifference or the meddlesome hostility of the crowd. It is impressive to assemble a few of their acknowledgments of it. "Nothing great gets done in the world," said Voltaire, "save by the genius and the firmness of some one man who combats the prejudices of the multitude." "A strong nature," thought Goethe, "feels itself brought into the world for its own development, and not for the approbation of the public." "I hear," writes Ibsen to a friend, "you have organized a society. . . . Whether you may be strengthening your position or not, I cannot tell; to me it appears that the man who stands alone is the strongest." "A man of science," said Pasteur, "should think of what will be said of him in the following century, not of the insults or the praise of one day." "I shall dine late," finely exclaims Walter Savage Landor, "and my guests will

be few." And one remembers Mozart's reply to his publisher's remonstrance: "Write in a more popular vein or I will not pay you a kreutzer." "Then," answered Mozart, "I have only to reconcile myself to starving."

III

It would be a poor-spirited artist who did not feel an answering thrill to these declarations of independence. But we need more than an emotional response; we need a reasoned program of action based on the eternal truths rediscovered by every great man. We need, for example, a conscious adoption of poverty as a rule of life, such as Mozart's answer suggests. Little as public opinion, especially in America, is capable of imagining that success can ever be compatible with poverty, poverty should be recognized by the artist himself as the very sign and condition of his success: its sign because it shows that he has not capitulated to the majority, its condition because "the dark cellar ripens the wine," because the initiatives of original thought are best taken in obscurity. All this should be formulated as plainly in

every artist's mind as Parry formulates it in his quiet incorruptible way when he writes: "The man who wins popular success often forgoes his independence to keep it. The man who estimates rightly the inability of the widest contemporary public to recognize the highest in art, forgoes immediate success, but maintains his independence; and the few whose minds are large enough endorse his attitude—even when they do not fully understand it themselves."

Probably such a conscious adoption of poverty requires, today and in our country, a greater and more sustained effort, a more many-sided and subtle resistance to popular assumptions, than have ever been necessary before—which is of course a chief reason why we have so few great artists. "We despise any one," says William James, "who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join the general scramble and pant with the money-making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant; the liberation from material at-

tachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are and not by what we have." "To be poor in order to be simple," writes another keen observer, Santayana, in his *Character and Opinion in the United States*, "to produce less in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful, and may leave us less burdened with unnecessary duties and useless possessions—that is an ideal not articulate in the American mind; yet here and there I seem to have heard a sigh after it, a groan at the perpetual incubus of business and shrill society."

No doubt there is in our contempt for poverty a large element of timidity in believing any verdict but that of the crowd. Our love of money is but one form of what Lewisohn calls our "psychical gregariousness": we value it less for itself than for its symbolization of herd approval, of what is called "success." We worship money as the most tangible witness of the favor of the majority, and should find even the conscious adoption of poverty hardly so difficult as that serene and unembittered acceptance of the indifference of the herd which is even more vital to independence.

It is again Santayana who, quoting Mr. Deems Taylor as bemoaning, in his contribution to the symposium *Civilization in the United States*, the fact that "the American composer . . . works more or less in a vacuum. He is out of things and he knows it," proceeds to ask: "Why should he mind that? Music is a world above the worlds, and the ladder into it can be planted anywhere. I suspect the difficulty lies in a divided allegiance: the musician will not live on music alone, he is no true musician. Snobbery, the anxiety to succeed, and a sort of cowardly social instinct, stand between the artist and his work. It is because he wants 'to be in things' that he fails, and deserves to fail."

Young musicians and other artists who would avoid this well-nigh universal modern failure will do well to make familiars of the great artists of the past who have avoided it. J. S. Bach was not "in things." He was so little "in things" that the "modernists" of his day regarded him as a harmless old man writing in an out-moded style. He was so little "in things" that his wife, who outlived him a few years, died in the poorhouse, and his

greatest choral work, the *St. Matthew Passion*, of which he had given a performance, did not get another until seventy-nine years after his death. "Bach went far beyond the standard of the musical intelligence of his time;" says Parry, "and the inevitable consequence was that his most ideally great and genuine passages of human expression were regarded by his contemporaries merely as ingenious feats of pedantic ingenuity. A man could not well be more utterly alone or without sympathy than he was. Even his sons and pupils but half understood him. But we do not know that he suffered from it. We can only see plainly that it drove him inwards upon himself, and made him adopt that independent attitude which is capable of producing the very highest results in men who have grit enough to save them from extravagance and incoherence. He wrote because it interested him to write, and with the natural impulse of the perfectly sincere composer to bring out what was in him in the best form that he could give to it; and his musical constitution being the purest and noblest and most full of human feeling and emotion ever pos-

sessed by a composer, the art of music is more indebted to him than to any other composer who ever lived, especially for the extension of the arts of expression." Had Bach been more "in things" in his own day, he would not be so decisively and pervasively in them now.

Or take the case of the nineteenth-century composer perhaps nearest to Bach—César Franck. If ever a man was "out of things" it was Franck. He was all his life a poor, hard-working, obscure music teacher and organist, patronized or openly ridiculed by popular heroes like Gounod. Conductors neglected him or played him hastily, perfunctorily, and without conviction; his *Beatitudes* were never done in their entirety during his life; a performance arranged by him at his own house was attended only by a handful of friends and pupils. A publisher, offered an essay on his work just after his death, remarked with unconscious irony: "Ah yes, I remember César Franck perfectly—a man who was always in a hurry, and who wore his coat too long and his trousers too short. It seems he was a great musician, little known to the public." But Franck never regretted this neglect, and we

need not regret it for him. It was the vacuum in which his mind was insulated, protected from diffusion, and charged by his genius, like the filament in an electric bulb, to incandescence. "With the touching modesty proper to him," says Landormy, "César Franck at first modelled himself upon his contemporaries; he imitated their methods and only timidly dared be himself. His three-voice *Mass*, in this respect, is very characteristic. How many borrowed formulas it displays! It was his organ that saved Franck. . . . He isolated himself, he dwelt in seclusion, far from the crowd and the masters of his own day. He harked straight back to Bach, and abandoned himself to his instinct: he withdrew more and more from his contemporaries." It is such masters as Bach and Franck that Emerson has in mind when he exclaims: "What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries! The measure of a master is his success in bringing all men round to his opinion twenty years later."

Are these lives too remote to inspire us? Were they lived in conditions too different

from ours? Was the pressure of bureaucratic officialdom less in the Leipzig of Bach, with its municipal council always interfering with his plans, or were the conformities of artistic life *à la mode* less suffocating in Franck's Paris, than they are in New York now? It was of one who lived largely in New York, and nearly in our own time, that William James wrote: "If one asks what the value of Thomas Davidson was . . . I have to say that it lay in the example he set to us all of how, even in the midst of this intensely worldly social system of ours, in which each human interest is organized so collectively and so commercially, a single man may still be a knight-errant of the intellectual life, and preserve full freedom in the midst of sociability."

Have we not still such knights-errant of the intellectual life? Even in the theatre, an institution collectively and commercially organized to such devastation of all art as we witness on Broadway, have we not still such men as Shaw and Galsworthy? What is the sword of clean steel with which, modern St. Georges, they have successfully slain the slimy dragon of theatrical commercialism? Is it anything

but individual integrity? "What is called professional work," says Shaw, "is, in point of severity, just what you choose to make it, either commonplace, easy and requiring only *extensive* industry to be lucrative, or else distinguished, difficult, and exacting the fiercest *intensive* industry in return, after a probation of twenty years or so, for authority, reputation, and an income only sufficient for simple habits and plain living."

"What," asks Galsworthy, "is lying at the back of any growth or development there may have been of late in drama? In my belief, simply an outcrop of sincerity—of fidelity to mood, to impression, to self. A man here and there has turned up who has imagined something true to what he has really seen and felt, and has projected it across the footlights in such a way as to make other people feel it. . . . It is not cant to say that the only things vital in drama, as in every art, are achieved when the maker has fixed his soul on the making of a thing which shall seem fine to himself. It is the only standard; all the others—success, money, even the pleasure and benefit of other people—lead to confusion in the ar-

tist's spirit, and to the making of dust-castles. To please your best self is the only way of being sincere."

Even in our own day, then, and even in an institution so corrupt as the theatre, independence may bring success. But independence that is concerned for success is not true independence. The value of independence, indeed, like that of beauty itself, is intrinsic, not derivative; and it is for itself that it must be prized, not for its results in the world. There is a spurious independence, still unconsciously obsessed by the worldly values it pretends to despise. Jack London, taken by Van Wyck Brooks as a type of many American artists in whom the passion to excel is not so strong as the "passion to beat the enemy at his own game," is strikingly contrasted by him with real artists like Dickens and Gorky, "whose ambition was to excel alone, not to convince the town banker that they, too, could make money." Whenever we detect an element of bitterness in our attitude toward the town banker we may ask if it is not a sign that we are unconsciously measuring ourselves by his standards, and finding ourselves want-

ing. Our anger may be more with ourselves than with him, since after all our own failure concerns us more intimately than his. Bitterness may thus be a symptom of an independence that is spurious, just as exclusiveness is a symptom of the false superiority of the snob. Real superiority does not trouble to exclude—it simply soars; and real independence is too happy to be bitter. Emerson is right in recognizing sweetness as its mark when he says: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

IV

True independence doubtless owes its freedom from bitterness, its serene joy, to its indifference to worldly destiny, its concentration on ultimate values. It is not disdainful, it is merely preoccupied. It can come only as the result of a loyalty so single-minded that it is capable, if need be, like all genuine loyalties, of espousing lost causes. And as art often seems

a lost cause in the modern world, the only independence that can save an artist is this genuine kind that can be loyal to the inner values whatever their outer fate. It must have in it enough gallantry to hurl defiance at mere events. It must be able to say, in the fine couplet of Masfield:

Better be trampled out by asses' hooves
Than be the thing the asses' mind approves.

When death seems to threaten all beauty it must be able to cry, as Kusákabé cried out in a loud voice to Yoshida as he was led to the place of execution:

It is better to be a crystal and be broken
Than to remain perfect like a tile upon the housetop.

It must make the artist something of a saint, something of a martyr, capable like them of a disinterested devotion.

"We say that Christ triumphed by his death," writes Clutton-Brock, "and then slip into the notion that he knew, dying, of his own triumph. But what is the nature of that triumph? This, that it tells us what unforeseeing man can endure; and that we too value,

above all things, the endurance of unforeseeing man, the faith which is faith because it does not know, the purpose which is maintained even when it seems to be frustrated. Our faith is in the fact that we value these above all things, that there is something in our minds that answers to them as to music, and that we, weak and cowardly as we are, would do likewise if we could."

It is because we artists too, weak and cowardly as we are, know something of what unforeseeing man can endure, and value above all things this endurance of unforeseeing man, it is because even in our twentieth-century America—where the asses' hooves reverberate so deafeningly and where the crystals seem to be so systematically crushed between the tiles—it is because, even here where the purpose of the artist lost in the crowd seems to be frustrated by the whole frame and constitution of things, we nevertheless aspire to maintain it, that we must achieve such independence as we can, and that, achieving it, we shall find ourselves happier than we could have dreamed to be possible.

II. *SPONTANEITY*

II. SPONTANEITY

"These roses under my window make no reference to former roses, or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God today."

—Emerson.

I

AN academic and over-conscientious friend of Renoir's once reproached him with being the kind of painter who paints only for his own amusement. "That I am," cheerfully agreed Renoir. "If it did not amuse me I should not paint at all. I cannot feel that the fate of the French Republic depends upon my art." American artists of the kind who pride themselves on their "practicality" might consider this the utterance of a "frivolous Frenchman," but possibly they would be the better themselves for a little of such frivolity. Indeed, indispensable as independence may be to the artist, it is after all only a means, and the end it aims at is a frivol-

ity like Renoir's—or perhaps we might better call it spontaneity. Until we have risen above anxiety as to how others receive our art, we cannot practice it disinterestedly and freely, we cannot be spontaneous. Servitude to public opinion takes not only the gross form of worldly ambition, with its desire for money, fame, or influence, but many subtler forms, such as paralysing jealousies and envies, abnormal discouragements and lassitudes, perverse extravagances and whims. In all its forms it is an intolerable slavery. The only freedom for any artist is in spontaneity, in delighted absorption in the art process itself, unspoiled by concern for the fate of the product—in its difficulties and adventures, its problems and solutions, its successes and its failures. Worldly ambition is consequently the most fatal enemy of art; for the ambitious artist regards beauty not as an end but as a means, and beauty will not give herself to one who regards her as a means.

The contrast between ambition and art, between preoccupation and spontaneity, has been vividly dramatized by a French critic in the persons of Berlioz and César Franck.

"Franck," he says, "is one of the noblest of artistic figures: glory, that stimulant so strong with romantic natures, seemed not to count for him. . . . Berlioz, for instance, dreamed of excitement. He wished to loose among shuddering crowds the clamor of Babylonian orchestras. . . . He prepared his public, hired halls, organized rehearsals. He sent articles to the newspapers, manœuvred the advertising. . . . César Franck, on the contrary, saw in the work of art only an act of the inner life, something like a silent virtue. . . . His life had the beautiful spiritual unity of direct careers, built up slowly, far from passions and rumors, devoted to thought. This was what gave him his serene dignity, his smiling gravity."

To illustrate the contrast thus suggested, two pictures occur to our minds. One is of Berlioz at the general rehearsal of his *Les Troyens* at the *Théâtre Lyrique* in Paris, November, 1863. He is sixty years old, and has been at work for seven years on this opera which he hopes will be the supreme success of his career. But the Emperor not only does not mount it at the *Opéra*, but points his neglect

by producing with great magnificence *Tannhäuser*, written by a foreigner. "Berlioz," says his biographer, "beside himself with rage and disappointment, attacked his unexpected rival and his opera with a fury that knew no bounds." So he has to content himself with a performance at the *Théâtre Lyrique*. At the end of the rehearsal he exclaims, with tears coursing down his cheeks: "It is beautiful, it is sublime!" The public does not think so. There are scornful articles in the papers, theatrical parodies, and only a score of performances. The disappointment, we are told, "disheartened Berlioz and killed him. . . . He retired to his house . . . taciturn, desolate, seeing only a few chosen friends who tried to console him, and cared for like a child by his mother-in-law." A few years later he died.

The other picture is of César Franck at sixty-seven. His symphony, the only one he has written, has been announced for performance at a Conservatory concert, largely through the persistence of the conductor, for Franck is regarded by the powers as a nonentity. It is little rehearsed and indifferently played. Gounod, dictator of music

in the world of fashion, declares it "the affirmation of incompetence pushed to the point of dogma." Never mind; César Franck, this obscure organist and teacher, this "little man in the coat too long and the trousers too short," likes it. He bows low to the audience, as his habit is on the rare occasions when his pieces are played. He walks home with elastic step, keeping time, we may be sure, to the syncopated trumpet theme of the first movement. At his door his wife meets him with eager questions: "How did it go? Was it a success? Did they like it?" "It sounded just right," he answers with his happy smile, "just as I expected it would. . . ." About a year later he died. Four days before his death M. Arthur Coquard brought him news of the success of *Samson et Dalila* by his friend Saint-Saëns, always so much more popular with the public than he. "I see him yet," says Coquard, "turning towards me his poor suffering face to say vivaciously and even joyfully, in the vibrant tones that his friends know, '*Très beau, très beau!*' "

Not even Franck, however, was able always to maintain so beautiful a spontaneity; with

all his angelic detachment he was sometimes endearingly subject to human infirmities. When he was made a member of the Legion of Honor, not for his music, but for his teaching, he uttered almost the only repining word recorded of him. "Yes," he said, "they honor me—as a professor!" On the other hand Berlioz, as every reader of his *Mémoires* knows, was capable of heroic artistic disinterestedness. His singular preoccupation with public opinion was not commercial in motive, and he was justified in his proud claim: "The love of money has never allied itself in a single instance with my love of art; I have always been ready to make all sorts of sacrifices to go in search of the beautiful, and insure myself against contact with those paltry platitudes which are crowned by popularity." Play-actor though he was by temperament, when beauty moved him deeply he forgot everything else, as in that cry at the rehearsal, "It is beautiful, it is sublime!" In such moments he was a happy man, an untrammelled artist. Even by the most devoted, then, spontaneity is never definitively attained, nor by the most ambitious ever completely compromised; in

all it is fluctuating and precarious. Indeed, spontaneity may be said, by a delightful and highly human paradox, to be one of the most laborious of achievements. It is precisely for that reason that a conscious recognition of it as an ideal is vital to young artists.

A French author is quoted by Matthew Arnold as giving to a young fellow-craftsman this counsel. "I am going to advise you in a way quite opposite to that of the world. Others will say to you: 'Sacrifice everything to ambition.' I say to you: 'Sacrifice before everything ambition, as the world understands it. Do not worry about fortune or fame. March straight towards one single end, that of enlightening your fellow-men, no matter in what condition or by what means.' " It is those who live by such a philosophy who become, whatever their worldly fate, the great spiritual leaders of mankind: "spirits," as Joubert characterized them in a passage also quoted by Arnold, "lovers of light, who, when they have an idea to put forth, brood long over it first, and wait patiently till it *shines*, as Buffon enjoined, when he defined genius to be the aptitude for patience; spirits . . . who cannot

rest except in solid truths, and whom only beauty can make happy; spirits far less concerned for glory than for perfection, who, because their art is long and life is short, often die without leaving a monument, having had their own inward sense of life and fruitfulness for their best reward." In a book called *La possession du monde* a contemporary French writer, M. Georges Duhamel, contrasts the wisdom of such men, their love and study of the masters, which he calls *un bon calcul et une douce chose*, with ambition—*une enivrante passion*. The only world we artists can possess, he says, is an inner one in comparison with which the outer world of ambition is so poor that to strive after it is wantonly to impoverish ourselves. Our function as artists begins and ends with giving of our measureless inner riches; whether what we give is received or not, by whom, or by how many, is no concern of ours. To be an artist at all is to know instinctively that it is more blessed to give than to be received.

"Looking at miles of painting and statuary," quaintly comments Henry Brewster in a letter from Rome, "I ask myself why all

this labor, unless the good people enjoyed it. As soon as one fancies them having toiled with love and got up cheerfully in the morning for the day's work, their pictures and their statues become quite pleasant to look at; but if they were simply struggling to do something remarkable, they might just as profitably for themselves and for us have walked the treadmill. I think most reputations seem stolen after a while because they were not earned with enough joy." Keats did not make that mistake. "Praise or blame," he writes a friend, "has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict: and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine. . . . That which is creative must create itself. In *Endymion* I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and

piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest." It is because Stevenson's strolling player De Vauversin, in the *Inland Voyage*, is equally unafraid of failure that he is the very type of the true artist everywhere—so immersed in the joy that he has no thought for the reputation. "If anyone is a failure in the world," he asks his companions in the village café, "is it not I? I had an art, in which I have done things well, and now it is closed against me. I must go about the country gathering coppers and singing nonsense. Do you think I regret my life? Do you think I would rather be a fat burgess like a calf? Not I! I have had moments when I have been applauded on the boards: I think nothing of that; but I have known in my own mind sometimes, when I had not a single clap from the whole house, that I had found a true intonation, or an exact and speaking gesture; and then, *mes-sieurs*, I have known what pleasure was, what it was to do a thing well, what it was to be an artist. And to know what art is, is to have an interest forever, such as no burgess can find

in his petty concerns. *Tenez, messieurs, je vais vous le dire*—it is like a religion.”

II

Spontaneity is an ideal little practiced among us nowadays. The prevailing temper of our time is as unfavorable to it as to independence. We shall hardly be surprised at its achievement only by the very few individuals who have strong enough characters and clear enough heads to oppose themselves to the herd, if we consider how averse to it, in the modern world, is the whole vast insidious force of public opinion, of the ideas and standards imposed by the majority, especially in America. Spontaneity usually involves poverty, and in twentieth-century America poverty is regarded as a disgrace. By concentrating the individual on his inner riches spontaneity flouts our national idolatry of competition, and tends to undermine our unquestioning faith in quantitative estimates. In valuing the process above the product it is guilty of irreverence to our Great God Production, and in minimizing the importance of the recep-

tion of art by the public it fails to bend the knee to Propaganda, Publicity, and the Press. Worst of all, it casts doubt upon our supreme ideal of "efficiency," as expressed in constant restless movement, by insisting that motion is useful only when it is towards a goal, and that action, to be effective, must follow fruitful contemplation.

There is in fact a religious, almost a mystical element, in the characteristic attitude of spontaneity, that goes sorely against the grain of a people who, like us, pride ourselves upon what we call our practicality. In its deliberation and detachment it lays an almost intolerable strain upon our impatience. No one has studied the psychological aspect of it more subtly or more helpfully than the late Arthur Clutton-Brock, especially in his two impressive little books, *The Ultimate Belief* and *Studies in Christianity*. "The common belief of the western world," he says in the latter, "is that the will is always exercised in action, that it is a will to work a change on external circumstances or on other men, and that this change rightly presents itself to us as the proper purpose of our lives. The contrary be-

lief, the Christian, is that we have to work a change on the passive part of ourselves, on the manner in which we experience people and things. . . . Many artists fail through mere wilfulness. The painter tries to find his picture in the visible world before he has laid his mind open to its beauty. He looks at it as an artist, not as a man. He begins to pick and choose, to arrange and reject, before reality has had time to stir and enrich his mind. . . . But whatever a man's natural gifts, he cannot be an artist without this right passivity." No wonder the ideal of spontaneity is unpopular in the land of business method, self-help, uplift, and the strenuous life.

But the results of its unpopularity are regrettable. It is the denial of spontaneity that has made our American world so hard, so crude, so noisy, so brazen, so monotonous. It is the denial of spontaneity that has filled it with young people bereft of the enthusiasm of youth, and old people devoid of the wisdom of age. It is because they have refused this ideal that we see about us so many young men who might be enriching themselves by the disinterestedness, the passion for quality, and the

universal sympathy of the artist, violating their natures in servitude to a narrow and bitter professionalism. They might be trying to see and express beauty, which can be done only in tranquillity and self-forgetfulness. Instead, they have sharpened themselves to a point in order to "get on," in order to "beat the other fellow." Instead of going out to grass in the wide pastures of the world they have put on blinders, become hacks, and plod along dully in the dust of the highroad to "success." They allow themselves no fructifying leisure, no enriching day-dreams, no casual irresponsible contacts. When they go among people they see only those who may be of use to their "careers," and these only on the side of their worldly power, usually their least human aspect. And then they wonder why their art is thin, inhumane, jaded and dull.

Most of them, of course, fail to reach even the goals so unwisely chosen; they surrender the happiness of the unknown but spontaneous worker in exchange for the disillusion of the middle-aged time-server, not only obscure but also cynical and embittered. But what of the few who "arrive"? Their plight is even more

ignominious and tragic, in the measure that their abilities were greater. For since worldly success puts the emphasis all on feverish activity rather than on a rich and loving passivity, artists who "succeed" are apt to deteriorate. As their bank accounts rise their emotional and spiritual resources dwindle. Their sympathies are narrowed, their imaginations starved, by prosperity, with its insidious insulation from human contacts. Strauss, whose alert youth incarnated itself with such immortal vitality in *Till Eulenspiegel*, is dulled and vulgarized by bourgeois wealth and ease into the heavy banality of the *Alpine Symphony*. Debussy marries a rich wife, goes to live on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and rides bored in an expensive motor-car through the streets he once trod with the elasticity of youth and inspiration. Jack London, says Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, "in his egomania, never opened himself to life. His desire was to score, to dominate, to succeed, and for this reason (as he knew very well himself) he failed as an artist." His wife records that in his later years he was able to afford a big red motor-car "to mend the general pace," to satisfy his craving for

"Speed! Speed!" as his aborted artistic instincts made him more and more restless. "You know," he wrote a friend, "I never have a moment with myself—am always doing something when I am alone—I shall work till midnight tonight, then bed, and read myself asleep." "From what," asks Mr. Brooks, "was he trying to escape?" When the Fates wish to annihilate an artist, they must hesitate for their instrument between abject poverty, with its denial of leisure and freedom of spirit, and luxurious ease, with its more subtle corruption and asphyxiation of manhood. Possibly the latter is surer to do the job.

Denials of spontaneity thus have strange repercussions. By depriving the artist of his natural, impulsive satisfactions in the work itself, and concentrating him on derivative and precarious values which he cannot control, they divide and defeat his spirit. He becomes uneasy, dissatisfied, subject to fears, phobias, depressions. And thus paralysing the process of his art, they also blight its product. What might have been free and original becomes humdrum, conventional; what should have been as rich and various as nature itself is

confined within momentary standards and fleeting fashions. In its restlessness, its starvation for the beauty denied it, art as well as artist seems to cry "Speed! Speed!" It becomes hectic, strained, incapable of repose and of joy. Because we are ourselves contracted, our contemporary arts are bare and thin, devoid of atmosphere, prone to exaggeration, enamored of momentary effects, sensational. Because we are incapable of enthusiasm we feel at home only in irony and burlesque; and unconsciously attempting to rationalize our own shortcomings into universal principles, we condemn all warm emotion as "romantic," all self-transcending sentiment as "Victorian." Finally, having thus emptied our art of all genuine inner life, we are obliged to "jazz it up," as an ugly phrase fittingly describes an absurd process, into a galvanic semblance of life, a St. Vitus parody of purposeful activity, a meaningless stir-about and itch of restlessness, without goal.

"Our new poems, novels, operas, and symphonies," writes Mr. John Jay Chapman in an essay on *Fatigue and Unrest*, "are not as robust as they were in 1850. Hurry was born the day

that steam was invented; and though art and letters resisted the acceleration for a couple of generations, they succumbed at last, and are now whirling and scurrying like ferry-boats packed with wide-awake people holding watches in their hands. What makes us happy in art and letters is the power in them that has been unconsciously absorbed by the artist, and is unconsciously conveyed to us in his work. . . . This knack of a loose and dreamy attention seems to be lost to the world for the time being. . . . Contraction kills feeling, and feeling is a gift that must be spontaneous. Our contemporaries are not in sympathy with the gentleness and largeness of the elder time. Their tensions require tension; their nervousness, an edge. Our novelists, dramatists, painters, have been hardening their voices and sharpening their pencils. They regard nature and human nature with a cold, deliberate, intellectual eye."

William James, in a letter written in 1868, when he was twenty-six, remarks: "I have been growing lately to feel that a great mistake of my past life . . . is an impatience of *results*. Inexperience of life is the cause of it,

and I imagine it is generally an American characteristic. . . . Results should not be too voluntarily aimed at or too busily thought of. They are *sure* to float up of their own accord from a long enough daily work at a given matter; and I think the work as a mere occupation ought to be the primary interest with us." When James says that results are "to float up of their own accord" he evidently means that they are to be what we have called spontaneous, the product of Chapman's "loose and dreamy attention." The intrusion of the impatient will impedes them. "Impatience," as Ghandi has said, "is itself a kind of violence"; and violent willing can only paralyse mental processes that are by nature involuntary.

Thirty years later James, in his famous essay on *The Gospel of Relaxation*, works out in detail the implications of his early remark: "If we wish our trains of ideation and volition to be copious and varied and effective," he tells us, "we must form the habit of freeing them from the inhibitive influence . . . of egoistic preoccupation about their results. . . . Strong feeling about one's self tends to

arrest the free association of one's objective ideas and motor processes. . . . A melancholic patient's mind is fixed as if in a cramp on feelings of his own situation, and the usual varied flow of his thoughts has ceased. . . . It is your relaxed and easy worker, who is in no hurry, and quite thoughtless most of the while of consequences, who is your efficient worker." The upshot of the discussion is this bit of practical advice: "When once a decision is reached and execution is the order of the day, dismiss absolutely all responsibility and care about the outcome. *Unclamp*, in a word, your intellectual and practical machinery, and let it run free; and the service it will do you will be twice as good."

Similarly, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, James describes certain temperaments to whom the "tense and voluntary attitude" prescribed by conventional moralists "becomes an impossible fever and torment. Their machinery refuses to run at all when the bearings are made so hot and the belts so tight." To such people his advice is: "Give up the feeling of responsibility, let go your hold, resign the care of your destiny to higher

powers, be genuinely indifferent as to what becomes of it all, and you will find not only that you gain a perfect inward relief, but often also, in addition, the particular goods you sincerely thought you were renouncing. . . . It is but giving your little private convulsive self a rest and finding that a greater self is there. The results . . . of the combined optimism and expectancy . . . remain firm facts of human nature, no matter whether we adopt a theistic, a pantheistic-idealistic, or a medical-materialistic view of their ultimate causal explanation."

III

It is this feeling of joyful emancipation from petty personal anxieties, of rising to a higher and freer and more exhilarating plane of activity altogether—a feeling, as Stevenson's De Vauversin suggests, essentially religious—that breathes so inspiringly from the utterances of all those artists who have achieved a high degree of spontaneity. "I remember in my life happy weeks," confides Emerson to his journal, "when I said to myself, 'I will not longer res-

pect success, or the finishing and exhibition of my work; but every stroke on the work, every step taken in the dark toward it, every defeat, even, shall be sacred and luminous also. Am I not always in the Great Presence? I will not postpone my existence, but be always great and serene with that inspiration.'” Thoreau is more laconic and whimsical, equally noble. “Each man’s necessary path,” he says, “though as obscure and apparently uneventful as that of a beetle in the grass, is the way to the deepest joys he is susceptible of. Though he converses only with moles and fungi, and disgraces his relatives, it is no matter, if he knows what is steel to his flint.” “I want to be ten times less than other people,” cried Schumann, “and only be worth something to myself.” “We would rather die painting,” thought Hunt, “than live doing anything else.” And Keats confessed in a letter, “I feel assured I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night’s labors should be burnt every morning, and no eye ever rest upon them.”

In a letter of John Addington Symonds may

be found a more detailed elaboration of the same view: "You know," he writes, "how little I seek after fame, and how little I value the fame of famous men. You also know how much I value self-effectuation; how I deeply feel it to be the duty of a man to make the best of himself, to use his talents, to make his very defects serve as talents, and to be something for God's sake who made him; in other words, to play his own note in the universal symphony. We have not to ask whether other people will be affected by our written views of this or that; though, for my part, I find now, with every day I live, that my written views have a wide and penetrating influence where often least expected. That is no affair of mine, more than of a sunflower to be yellow, and a butterfly to flutter. The point for us is to bring all parts of ourselves into vital correlation, so that we shall think nothing, write nothing, love nothing, but in relation to the central personality. . . . Whether the world regards that final self-presentation of the man or not seems to me just no matter. As Jenny Lind once said to me, 'I sing to God!' so I say, let us sing to God. If all men and women lived

like this, the symphony of humanity would be a splendid thing to listen to."

We may be reminded by that saying of Jenny Lind's—"I sing to God"—that all high and spontaneous artistic activity springs from a loyalty to the universal, in forgetfulness of self, essentially religious. In great periods this religious attitude towards art is common to whole societies, and enshrines itself in tradition. In periods of decadence like our own it is preserved only by scattered individuals who devote themselves to keeping the sacred flame alight. The age we live in seems to be too wilful, too full of restless energy, too enslaved by the ideal of "efficiency" and by commercial and scientific ideals generally, to be capable of that "loose and dreamy attention," that rapt delight in the beauty of the world, out of which art springs, or even to desire it. Only individuals, tired of the hollowness and noise of our life, hungry for something more satisfying to the deep instincts in us that insistently demand ultimate values—only scattered individuals can, by understanding their own natures and the nature of art, point the way to something more worth while. In this high

function they will be sustained by the happiness that comes with spontaneity. They will be free from the rivalries that poison the lives of so many artists, free from servitude to praise and blame, free from torturing feelings of inferiority, free from the itch for recognition. Contentment in the process of their art will fill their minds, leaving no room for anxiety for its product. Like the roses under Emerson's window, that made no reference to former roses or to better ones, they will "exist with God today." Standing aside from the restless rush and the brazen publicity of our time, they will catch something of the peace of those old mediæval wood-carvers who filled so many obscure corners of Europe with beauty, through fruitful uneventful years. And they will do this not through indifference or disillusion, but through absorption and confidence, and because they are able to say, with full conviction, in the solemn words of John Burroughs:

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

III. *WORKMANSHIP*

III. WORKMANSHIP

"All things are doubly fair
If patience fashion them
And care—
Verse, enamel, marble, gem.

No idle chains endure:
Yet, Muse, to walk aright,
Lace tight
Thy buskin proud and sure.

Chisel and carve and file,
Till thy vague dream imprint
Its smile
On the unyielding flint."

—Gautier on *Art*.

Translation by Santayana.

I

THAT is no doubt only half the truth which is expressed in the oft-repeated saying that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains; but it is the half that is most vital to those of us who wish to be artists.

For though we have no control over the degree of our native talent, we can to some extent determine what we shall make of it; and while no amount of talent will avail us much without painstaking development, few talents are too small to be of service if cultivated in the spirit of workmanship. It was that spirit that inspired Brahms's memorable counsel to a young composer regarding his songs: "Whether they are beautiful also is not your affair—*but perfect they must be.*" It was that spirit that prompted Meredith to write to a young fellow-artist: "If hard study should kill your creative effort, it will be no loss to the world or to you. And if, on the contrary, the genius you possess should survive the process of mental labor, it will be enriched and worthy of a good rank." It was that spirit that made at once so touching and so thrilling these words of Epictetus: "What then, since I am naturally dull, shall I, for this reason, take no pains? I hope not. . . . For I shall never be a Milo, and yet I do not neglect my body; nor shall I be a Cræsus, and yet I do not neglect my property; nor, in a word, do we neglect

looking after anything because we despair of reaching the highest degree."

Unfortunately such a spirit is rare in our country, where the prevailing type of youth is alert and facile, but impatient, indiscriminating, and too easily satisfied. We see about us each year a fair array of promising young men, but also, alas, the promising young men of last year, now declining into middle-aged mediocrity. What they lack is not talent, but character. They have plenty of ability, but no staying power; they use no severity with themselves; they have not cultivated the ideal of workmanship. And so, whatever their native gifts, as artists they fail.

On the other hand it is unmistakable that the great art of the world has been made by those men, and by those men only, who knew how, in Emerson's phrase, to "toil terribly." Surely, the bold generalization of Huneker is true: "All art is the arduous victory of great minds over great imaginations." And the greater the imaginations, we may add, the more arduous seems to be the victory. "Shakespeare, like other poets," writes Mase-

field, "grew by continual, very difficult mental labor, by the deliberate and prolonged exertion of every mental weapon, and by the resolve to do not 'the nearest thing,' precious to human sheep, but the difficult, new and noble thing, glimmering beyond his mind, and brought to glow there by toil." This does not agree very well with the stock sentimentalist notion of "inspiration" as a sort of demoniac possession, and of the inspired artist as a kind of dishevelled-haired, rolling-eyed, irresponsible madman; but it is nearer the truth. "The raptures of creative activity," exclaims Leo Shestov,—“empty words invented by men who never had an opportunity of judging from their own experience. . . . Usually the creator feels only vexations. Every creation is created out of the Void. At the best, the maker finds himself confronted with a formless, meaningless, usually obstinate and stiff matter, which yields reluctantly to form. . . . Creative activity is a continual progression from failure to failure, and the condition of the creator is usually one of uncertainty, mistrust, and shattered nerves. For this reason even men of genius cannot keep up the creative activity

to the last. As soon as they have acquired their technique, they begin to repeat themselves, well aware that the public willingly endures the monotony of a favorite, even finds virtue in it. . . . He who has once been through the creative rapture is not easily tempted to try again."

Endless effort is thus always concealed under the apparent ease that so delights us in all first-rate art: this is the paradox of workmanship. If, as has been said, "Easy writing makes hard reading," and if indeed "A labored style is one on which insufficient labor has been expended," is not that because, as Whistler was entitled by long experience to tell us, "work alone will efface the footsteps of work"? There is a French proverb, "Time will not spare that on which time has been spared," and Thoreau's counsel to young writers is: "If you foresee that a part of your essay will topple down after the lapse of time, throw it down now yourself." Always and everywhere, agonizing toil is the price of delicious spontaneity. To Chopin, for instance, that almost ideal figure of grace and charm, the process of composition was, in the expressive phrase

of George Sand, "a minute and desperate perseverance." In the interminable search for what would satisfy his exacting taste he would write a single passage a hundred times, pacing the room, biting his pen, tearing up whole sheets and beginning afresh, reduced sometimes to tears. . . . Some of Beethoven's friends found him locked into his study one hot August afternoon, singing, shouting, raving like a madman. He had been working all day on his great *Mass*, forgetting even to eat. Presently he appeared, wild-eyed, faint with hunger and exhaustion, dazed with the intensity of his mental struggle, able to return but gradually to ordinary life. "No one can realize who has not watched Whistler paint," records his biographer, "the agony his work gave him. I have seen him, after a day's struggle with a picture, when things did not go, completely collapse, as from an illness."

II

The arduousness of all high artistry is thus one of its essential qualities; it is as if friction generated heat, and power could develop only

through resistance. This is a matter of common observation in the daily effort to start work. As Dr. Vaughan Williams likes to tell his pupils, beginning to compose is like trying to write with a fountain pen that will not flow: "Don't put it away, but keep on scratching, and after a while it will write." "You have to get your ideas started," he says, "just as one cranks a cold automobile. Once they are started they will create their own interest." One must first "get warmed up," as we say, and then, to use a happy phrase of Mr. John Jay Chapman's, "the significance will begin to steam out of the materials." "What is the relation," asks Mr. Chapman in a striking analysis of workmanship, "between the long years of drudgery that must be gone through and the ultimate heaven of creative work? This question cannot be answered simply. Great diligence in technical matters has some relation to remote spiritual interests; and a passion for exactitude in the drawing of an apple will issue in some sort of force in the painting of a crucifixion. It always seems as if the talented child were already in charge of a spirit which we could not see, who whispered

to him that this digging must be done for the treasure. It seems to be unquestionable that those remotest and most happy touches of genius which one would say no study could come at, no experience suggest, are the very ones which are due to a knowledge of the craft, to long experience and private endeavor. The handling of difficulties seems to be the road to facilities. Something crudely and honestly analysed cracks the shell of the mystery; and an impersonal artistic treatment becomes the vehicle of the most personal kind of expression. Thus the limitations—namely, those very conditions which constitute technique—give rise through compression to the soul of the work.”

Mr. Chapman’s figure of the child digging for treasure suggests happily the element of exploration and discovery, of exciting adventure, that the artist, that child of a larger growth, always finds in technical study. So keenly bent is he upon the treasure that he delights in the digging. For him the artistic process has in itself, independent of its results, an immense zest; working at it is as ex-

citing to him as playing is to other people; indeed, for him work *is* play.

With what gusto, for example, did Stevenson, according to his own often quoted account, "play the sedulous ape" to his great models, and what long-drawn satisfactions we read between the lines of this less familiar passage from one of his letters: "I believe in the covering of much paper, each time with a definite and not too difficult artistic purpose; and then, from time to time, drawing oneself up and trying, in a superior effort, to combine the faculties thus acquired or improved. Thus one progresses." Or consider this memorandum from the Note-books of Samuel Butler, an artist who approaches technique in a dryer, more ironic temper, but evidently with an equal feeling for its fascination. "In art, never try to find out anything, or try to learn anything until the not knowing it has come to be a nuisance to you for some time. Then you will remember it, but not otherwise. . . . Do the things that you can see; they will show you those that you cannot see. By doing what you can you will gradually get to know what it

is that you want to do and cannot do, and so to be able to do it."

Technique, in short, is a personal adventure, and must be so conceived in order to be successfully pursued. This helps us to understand why the old conception of discipline as imposed by an outer authority is so contrary to human nature, and why the results of such "discipline" are always so negligible. Tasks dictated to us by others usually teach us nothing; it is only those we choose ourselves that afford us the conditions for developing the sense of workmanship:—a freely chosen goal, willingly endured labor, risk, and uncertainty, and the possibility of the unique final triumph. External authority on the contrary is bound to arouse in us one or the other of two equally futile responses. Either we accept it in the spirit of servile obedience it invites, in which case we degenerate into academics and pedants; or else, reacting violently against it, we reject with it all discipline and become mere revolutionists and anarchists, another type of anti-artists just as sterile, in a different way, as the pedants. Fruitfulness, in short, develops in an artist only through discipline, but

this discipline, in order to be real, has to be self-imposed. As Bertrand Russell says: "The desirable kind of discipline is the kind that comes from within, which consists in the power of pursuing a distant object steadily, forgoing and suffering many things on the way. This involves the subordination of impulse to will, the power of directing action by large creative desires even at moments when they are not vividly alive. Without this, no serious ambition, good or bad, can be realized, no consistent purpose can dominate."

The conception of workmanship as zestful adventure also helps us to understand one of the most characteristic traits of the good workman, his singular objectivity of attitude, his happy freedom from that sensitive self-consciousness which so often prevents less skilful people from using effectively even what skill they possess. Your good workman owes his objectivity to the simple fact that what interests him is not himself, or what we may think of him, but the artistic process in which he exists only as a fascinated participator. Hence an unfailing index by which you can recognize him is his attitude toward criticism:

he is so bent on the work itself, so eager to improve it, and to that end so keen to discover its defects, that he simply has no thought left over for himself. It is your bungler who is subject to wounded vanity, who will waste valuable energy rationalizing his failures (giving elaborate reasons for them, in order to salvage his self-esteem), who in extreme cases will try to make up, poor fellow, for his lack of ability by an inordinate opinion of himself. Thus after a little experience one comes to realize that conceit is almost invariably in inverse ratio to ability, and that the conceited young man is destined to remain always a nonentity. That is why he has to fall back on conceit. If furthermore he be naturally aggressive, he will probably become a great self-advertiser, but without being able to develop a self worth advertising.

Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that you tell a young composer that in a certain place his trombones, let us say, are written too high. If he belong to one painfully familiar type, he will ignore the comment, or dismiss it with a perfunctory explanation, quickly reverting to his main point—the strik-

ing merits of his work, and the suggestion that you should interest such and such a publisher in printing it, or such and such a conductor in performing it. This is the born mediocrity who, powerless to create work that will live and move of itself, tries to make it go by "push" or "pull."

A second type, rarer but not uncommon, is at first rather hurt that you are so little impressed by his plausibility, but quickly rallies his mind in all sorts of ingenious reasons for what he has done. He had in mind a certain conductor who likes brilliant brass parts—Are you aware that the French write their trombones high?—The scene of his symphonic poem is in the mountains, and the rarefied air must be suggested in the instrumentation, and so on. His reasons are most instructive and diverting. If only he were a writer instead of a composer his art would be excellent, but music must sound. He will not remain a non-entity, however. He may even become well-known as a critic.

Your third young man is modest, interested, and obliged. He says little, except that he will think the matter over. When he leaves you he

proceeds to learn all he can about the trombone. He studies scores, takes notes, talks with players. Slowly he comes to his own conclusions. If he finds that the criticized passage can be improved, he does not begrudge the time and drudgery necessary to change it. In short, he is your genuine workman, and may become a good composer.

However that may be, history leaves us in no doubt that it was by such methods that the great composers of the past perfected themselves. "Bach's principle of study," observes Parry, "is illustrative of the manner in which all musical progress is made. He early adopted the practice of copying out the works of composers who excelled in all the different branches of art,—sometimes actually rewrote them, and wherever he recognized an artistic principle of undoubted value . . . absorbed and amalgamated it as part of his own procedure. And not only that, but he always sedulously criticised himself, and recast, remodelled, and rewrote everything which new experience or a happier mood made him feel capable of improving." Schumann, in turn, regarded Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord* as

his grammar, and said that he had dissected all of the fugues "down to their minutest parts," and that the advantage of this was great, "for Bach was a thorough man, and his works seem written for eternity." Brahms is said to have written a chorale figuration each day; a few of these are preserved in the posthumous *Eleven Choral Preludes*, but most of them he regarded simply as exercises—musical chest-weights and dumbbells to keep him in prime condition.

"The athlete," says Mr. Edwin Muir, "by the discipline of his body, creates for himself a new world of actions; he can now do things which before were prohibited to him; in consequence, he has enlarged the sphere of his freedom. The thinker and the artist by discipline of a different sort are rewarded in the same way. They are now more free, because they have more capacity. There are people, however, who think one can be free whether one has the capacity for freedom or not—a characteristically modern fallacy. But a man the muscles of whose body and mind are weak cannot do *anything*; how can he be free? The concept of Freedom cannot be separated from

that of Power." Stuart P. Sherman has explained that what Emerson really meant by his often misunderstood saying "Hitch your wagon to a star" was no mere vaguely edifying idealism, but the highly practical counsel, "Put yourself in connection with irresistible power. Go where the gods are going, take the direction of all good men and let them bear you along, strike into the current of the great human traditions, discover the law of your higher nature and act with it." Emerson himself defines power as a "sharing of the nature of the world," explaining that "its secret is to be able to bring to bear in your stroke the whole force of things, an obedience to law in order to use it." It is through workmanship, with its insatiable curiosity, its tireless self-forgetful investigation of reality, that this obedience to law in order to use it is achieved by all true artists. In the resulting sense of power they find their supreme happiness. Emerson speaks for them all when he joyfully confides to his journal: "Success in your work, the finding of a better method, the better understanding that insures the better performing, is hat and coat, is food and wine,

is fire and horse and health and holiday. At least, I find that any success in my work has the effect on my spirits of all these."

III

Workmanship seems characteristically to operate, not, as we might expect, by elaboration, but by elimination of the irrelevant and concentration of the essential. This need not surprise us if we remember that since the work of art is a selection out of the welter of our impressions, its characteristic excellence is a unity achieved only by miracles of inhibition. Thoreau advises the writer to return to his subject again and again until he is sure he has given a full account of what it means to him: "not that your essay need be long," he explains, "but that it will take a long time to make it short." We sympathize with Whitman's saying that he could resist anything better than his own diversity, and with Stevenson's that if he only knew what to omit he could make a classic out of the daily paper. "What is easier," asks Benedetto Croce in a suggestive criticism of "modernism," "than to

have 'ideas'?—alas, the difficulty is not to have 'ideas,' but to have *one idea* which dominates and reduces to their proper proportion all the others, and gives coherence and solidity to the work of thought or action. . . . Years ago I defined a false work of art as 'one that has many beauties,' as distinguished from the genuine work 'which has only one.' ”

Among the supreme documents of workmanship are the sketch-books of Beethoven. In studying them we are struck by the minuteness and extent of the sketches for the initial statements of the themes, technically called the Expositions, as contrasted with the brevity of the notes for their development. It was not the elaboration of his ideas that troubled Beethoven; that took care of itself; the difficulty was to present them clearly and powerfully in the first place, to remove from them all that was superfluous, and therefore injurious, while leaving everything essential. For the opening section of the *Eroica Symphony* there are five or six complete sketches and many studies of detail—the chips and marble dust, so to speak, from which Beethoven's chisel disengaged the perfect statue. As we read through them we

see each theme contracting rather than expanding as Beethoven finds how to reduce it to its lowest terms. Like a hunter pursuing the game which by protective coloration eludes him in the underbrush, he has constantly to detach the themes from their backgrounds and give each its proper life. It is an exciting chase. "From the glow of enthusiasm"—so Beethoven describes it—"I let the melody escape. I pursue it. Breathless I catch up with it. It flies again, it disappears, it plunges into a chaos of diverse emotions. I catch it again, I seize it, I embrace it with delight . . . I multiply it then by modulations, and at last I triumph in the first theme. There is the whole symphony."

Wherever there is need Beethoven takes equal pains with the developments or even the repetitions of his themes. Nothing with him is taken for granted, a matter of routine; all must be tested by its effect. There is a place, for example, in the *Waldstein Sonata* where we can trace his changes and their reasons in detail—a highly enlightening process. It is the point, technically called the Recapitulation, where the theme, after having been presented

in all sorts of guises, returns, by way of summary, in simplest form, as it was at first. Such a return should resemble the final summing up in an essay or the last insistence on the text in a sermon: it should give the impression of simplicity achieved through complexity, of plain statement after rich illustration. In this case, however, as sometimes happens, Beethoven finds that his effect is bald and obvious, instead of strong and firm, chiefly because of monotony in what we call tonality or key. He has stayed too close to the central tone of C, round which the whole piece revolves, so that we have grown tired of it. How can he get away from C major for a moment, introduce a little variety, and so make C fresh to our ears once more? This problem he solves in the sketchbook by deflecting his tune so that it moves away from the central key for seventeen measures, after which excursion we are glad to get back home again. So far so good; but the most Beethovenish part of the whole matter is that in the finished sonata we find not seventeen measures of truancy, but only seven. Finding that he could get the whole value of his detour in less than half the space,

seven measures instead of seventeen, he has so improved upon his own improvement. How many artists would have loved beauty well enough to pursue her so far? "Details," said Michael Angelo, "make perfection—and perfection is no detail."

Another interesting document may be found in the two versions of Brahms's first piece of chamber music, the *Trio in B major*, *Opus 8*, completely rewritten in maturity. The youthful version is exuberant, heaven-storming, turgid in style and sprawling in structure, and hence, despite great beauties, uncertain and disappointing in effect. The first theme is one of Brahms's greatest melodies, but it is like a noble river that presently loses itself in marshes. The second version is clarified, quieted, restrained, focussed. It gains sobriety, reticence, power held in reserve. It is like an athlete in training, all sinew, no longer, like the first, choked in its own fat.

Extravagance seems always to be as vulgar in art as it is in personal demeanor, and distinction of thought naturally allies itself with economy of means. The greatest composers in their greatest moments seem instinctively to

simplify rather than elaborate their themes, as if they were in search of ultimate essences. There is a kind of variation which is a sort of distillation of the theme, a purification of it from all the fibrous matter and pulp that hides and dilutes the one clear drop of essential aromatic oil it contains. The most ineffable moments in Beethoven's later quartets are such as the *Adagio molto espressivo* in E major of the slow movement of *Opus 127*, where, stripping his theme, so beautiful even as first presented, of all its unessential ornament, he projects its silhouette or outline in the poignant simplicity of its beauty, like a soul hovering above its body. So different a composer as Strauss works in the same way when at the end of *Till Eulenspiegel*, in which two themes have run the gamut, as it seems, of all possible manipulation and developments, they are at length reduced to their lowest terms and represented, in alternation, each by a little phrase of only three notes, which in their frailty, their unadorned naïveté, are more profoundly affecting than the greatest orchestral tumult could be. Such elimination of the inessential no doubt depends for its great effect

on its enlisting the endless resources of our imaginations. "If you would be dull," said a French writer, "tell all." If you would be thrilling, we might add, tell little, and only what is essential, but in such a way as to suggest the illimitable.

It is characteristic of good workmanship, then, in whatever medium, that it proceeds by concentration. Giotto, to show supreme skill, draws a plain circle; Phidias does not waste his planes, nor the Parthenon its severe lines; Flaubert distils a chapter into a paragraph, and Mr. Charlie Chaplin, an artist in the movies, makes ten reels into one. Stuart P. Sherman has collated parallel passages in the journals and the essays of Emerson. "One remarks at first sight with surprise," he reports, "that the superiority on the side of fluency and texture is frequently with the journals. The superiority of the essays is in condensation and intensity." And he quotes Emerson's own saying that "The inexorable rule in the Muses' court is, Either inspiration or silence"—which "teaches the enormous force of a few words and in proportion to the inspiration checks loquacity."

IV

Loquacity, however, is a faculty not unprized by journalists, especially, as Mark Twain pointed out, when they are paid by the word; and the prevalence among us of journalistic standards, with their characteristic commercialism, may help us to understand why workmanship is an ideal as difficult of achievement in America today as independence or spontaneity. We may generalize Emerson's contrast of inspiration and loquacity to a more sweeping one between quality and quantity, between the spirit of art, which, aiming at excellence, works through concentration and individualization, and the spirit of commerce which, aiming at profit, finds it in quantity production, "standardization," adulteration, and advertising. In a poignant little story bearing as title the single word *Quality*, Galsworthy has portrayed an old shoe-maker, a lover of honest workmanship, driven out of work and finally to starvation by the competition of the machine. He is a type of all artists starved, whether physically or spiritually, in machine-made societies where

good workmanship has become economically suicidal. How many such potential artists have been lost to us by sheer starvation, literal or metaphorical, in the midst of our ironic American plenty, we shall never know. And of course the most subtle irony of the situation is that this starvation never stops with the artists themselves, but permeates the whole society their work ought to nourish, as we see in the harshness, ugliness, and emptiness of the life about us.

How grotesque is the so-called "art" of our day that is produced for the market alone—stereotyped, flavorless, machine-made, provided with interchangeable parts like a Ford! Consider the short story of commerce, the formulæ for which are taught in the correspondence schools, guaranteed to "sell the copy." Who can tell the short story of one favorite purveyor from that of another? And then there are the popular novels, those very unnovel commodities. Their authors must find writing books almost as monotonous as keeping them; some of them seem to regard the one activity as only a necessary preliminary to the other. A popular painter, reports a New York

newspaper, "said that his pictures brought all the way from \$2500 to \$3000, and that he could turn out two a month. 'I know it isn't art,' he said, 'but I have two daughters to educate. We live in a large house, have two cars, are obliged to entertain, and I have to work like a dog to keep things up. I get nothing out of it myself!'" Note the typically commercial psychology of the last sentence. He seems to think that the fact that he "gets nothing out of it himself" somehow excuses his prostitution of art. Anyone who understood the place of spontaneity in art would feel that this was the most shameful confession of all. If he gets nothing out of it, how can he hope that anyone else will? . . . The other day a writer of jazz, who makes a large income, confided his secret to an obliging public: "You must give people tunes that remind them of other tunes they like already." As with the musical "low-brows" so with the "high-brows": they too have their accepted progressions and stock cadences, a little more sophisticated but equally conventional; they too have their favorite flavors in instrumentation, in which snarling horns replace the blar-

ing saxophones: the fashions are different, that is all. When the ultra-modern rubber-stamp was just coming into vogue in 1907, Charles Lecocq, who had grown old and wise in observing music in Paris, proposed to Saint-Saëns a "Coöperative Society of United Composers" to be "established on a vast scale in order to render more easy and rapid the confection of the lyric drama." "Each wheel of this great machine would be confided to specialists—leading-motive-makers, developers, joiners, orchestrators, etc., and in this way, by division of labor, they would be able to produce perfect masterpieces in very little time." "Without doubt," concludes Lecocq, "all the composers of the present school would adhere to this idea, since by the unity of their views and the similarity of their processes, they are already virtually associated if not syndicated." What a brilliant and practical idea, and how worthy, even though it emanates only from an artist and a Frenchman, to be taken up by American business enterprise and "organized for efficiency" in a "nation-wide drive"!

The commercial ideal works against excellence, however, not only by the obvious

method of the majority-controlled market, with its premium on mediocrity and its penalization of workmanship, but much more insidiously by the impalpable but immense force of social suggestion. From the start our American sentiment has favored gregariousness, and disliked distinction. In the early pioneer days this attitude was almost necessary to survival, as Mr. Herbert Croly has shown in *The Promise of American Life*. "In such a society," he says, "a man who persisted in one job, and who applied the most rigorous and exacting standards to his work, was out of place. His finished product did not serve its temporary purpose much better than did the current careless and hasty product, and his higher standards and peculiar ways constituted an implied criticism upon the easy methods of his neighbors. . . . It is no wonder that the pioneer democracy viewed with distrust and aversion the man with a special vocation and high standards of achievement." How tragically such an environment might work to the crippling of a potentially great artist Van Wyck Brooks has shown in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, a book indispensable to anyone

who wishes to understand the situation of American artists. In it he shows how Samuel Clemens found in the work of a Mississippi pilot the one field where the special skill of the artist was unimpeded, in the America of that day, by all sorts of social restrictions, taboos, and prejudices, and therefore the one activity in which he was ever fully happy; how as a writer he was all his life inhibited from fullness and accuracy of truth-telling by the taboos of commercial and parochial respectability; and how in the bitter last years his sense of his own failure as an artist disguised itself, in ways familiar to psychologists, in a universal disillusion and pessimism as personally pathetic as it was philosophically absurd. Mark Twain was the type of the American artist aborted by the herd.

And alas, the herd-spirit, with its dislike of individuality and its fanatical idolatry of organization, though there is less excuse for it now than in pioneer days, seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. It seems as if we had more blinkers and tighter harness than ever, as if the dullness of our bureaucrats and legalists but waxed with their au-

thority. Mr. Croly's sketch is hardly a bad likeness of us today. Does not our intensely gregarious society still "submit good-naturedly and uncritically to current standards"?—does it not still resent the "higher standards and peculiar ways" of the artist, and contemptuously call anyone who retires from social life in order to develop skill a "crank," a "quitter" or a "grouch"? Are such rare great artists as we still have, never "good mixers" or "one hundred percent Americans," any more popular with us than Emerson, Thoreau, Poe and Hawthorne were with their contemporaries? Do we learn to seek power rather by mastering ourselves than by trying to dominate others? Do we incline to solve our problems by thinking about them, rather than by the easier method of founding a society, framing by-laws and electing officers? And as for our artistic life, what shall we reply to such prophets of pessimism as Mr. John Gould Fletcher, who after pointing out that the artist of today, "in order to produce anything individual, original, or perfectly expressed, needs almost superhuman courage and constancy," since he "must resolve to disregard

the demands of the public for a purely machine-made article," concludes that "such a task is so difficult to accomplish that the number of artists who have completely accomplished it in our day may practically be counted on the fingers of one hand," and that usually "the writer who desires to become an artist either dies young, goes insane, retires from competition or learns completely to stifle the art-impulse."

Certain it is that the only way we can hope to make head against such conditions is to understand them. Modern psychology therefore does us a good turn when it shows us that the artistic and the commercial ideal and method are neither of them wrong, only different and not to be confused. All men necessarily and rightly crave the sense of power; but while the artist gains it in one way, by retiring into solitude and mastering his material through concentration, the man of affairs, the characteristic American type, gains it in quite another, by going into the marketplace and influencing as many of his fellows as he can. (Hence his habit of judging values in quantitative terms, such as "biggest," "rich-

est," "most popular," "best seller," "largest majority," versus the artist's qualitative, incommensurable terms.) The business man works through influence, the artist through skill; while the one therefore must "run with the pack" the other is fated to "wander alone like a rhinoceros." When his power over others does not develop fast enough to suit him the man of business easily degenerates into the busybody; and it is noteworthy that the characteristic vice of contemporary America is meddlesomeness. Meddlesomeness and skill are fundamentally opposed. Meddlesomeness is the effort of the unskilful to gain the sense of power. Skill gets this necessary sense directly, by individual action. Organization is thus often a confession of weakness; the skilful have no need to organize.

V

The only condition essential to the artist is thus the retirement, the freedom from distraction, in which he can develop his skill. "All that is best in human attainment," insists Thoreau, who magnificently practiced what

he preached, "springs from retirement. In retirement we first become acquainted with ourselves, with our means, and ends. Whatever selfishness there may seem to be in such a discipline as this, exists only in appearance. In self-culture lies the ground and condition of all culture." But retirement becomes increasingly difficult, not only because it is physically invaded by the insistent interruptions of modern life—but far more subtly because its spiritual price is a disregard for the market, with its wholesale methods, such as often involves severe suffering. This is unavoidable since, as Hocking has said, "The marketable man is never the complete man in his uniqueness; and conversely the whole man is never marketable." The good workmen have usually realized this, and been willing to pay the price of their workmanship. "What the public likes," writes Stevenson to his friend Gosse, "is work (of any kind) a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy, a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it. . . . It should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain . . . I do not write for the public; I do write for money, a nobler

deity; and most of all for myself, not perhaps any more noble, but both more intelligent and nearer home." So it was with Poe, who, as Mr. John Macy reminds us, knew what it was "to labor for an artistic result with cool precision while hunger and disease are in the workshop; to revise, always with new excellence, an old poem which is to be republished for the third or fourth time in a cheap journal; to make a manuscript scrupulously perfect to please one's self—for there is to be no extra loaf of bread as a reward, the market is indifferent to the finer excellences." Thoreau had most of the first edition of his first book returned to him by his publishers as unsalable, carried it on his own back up to the attic where he wrote, and then recorded in his journal: "I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself. My works are piled up in my chamber, half as high as my head, my *opera omnia*. This is authorship. These are the work of my brain. . . . I can see now what I write for, and the result of my labors. Nevertheless, in spite of this result, sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen

tonight, to record what thought or experience I may have had, with as much satisfaction as ever. Indeed, I believe that this result is more inspiring and better than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less, and leaves me freer."

There is only one irremediable failure for an artist, and that is being persuaded away from his own path. When, instead of staying in his study where he belongs, "beholding" as Milton so beautifully said, "the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies," he allows himself to be tempted, cajoled, or bullied into the marketplace, where he has no business to be, he finds himself deafened, blinded, distracted, his leisure invaded, his values turned topsy-turvy, and his work debauched. There is no cure for him then but to turn back to his own work and place. There he is strong; there his qualities tell, and his weaknesses are no longer fatal. That is a sublime defense of the artist—of all artists—that Emerson confided to his journal: "To every reproach I know but one answer, to go again to my own work. 'But you neglect your relations.' Yes, too true; then I

will work the harder. 'But you have no genius.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have no virtues.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have detached yourself and acquired the aversion of all decent people: you must regain some position and relation.' Yes, I will work the harder."

Is it possible to practice this ideal of workmanship—an ideal that so great an artist as Emerson found so exacting in days so much simpler than ours—is it possible to practice it any longer in our twentieth-century America?—in the America of syndicated newspapers, chain magazines, circuit theatres and correspondence schools;—of chromo-lithograph pictures and "canned" music;—of chambers of commerce, rotarians, labor unions and women's clubs;—of Babbitt and Main Street, of Hollywood and Chautauqua;—of prohibition, fundamentalism, and the Ku Klux Klan? Is it possible any longer to be an artist, and survive? Who can tell? Probably the only way to find out is to try.

IV. *ORIGINALITY*

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"To please our friends and relatives we turn out our silver ore in cartloads, while we neglect to work our mines of gold known only to ourselves, far up in the Sierras, where we pulled up a bush in our mountain walk, and saw the glittering treasure. Let us return thither. Let it be the price of our freedom to make that known."

—Thoreau.

I

TO all young artists it is a source of perennial surprise that their friends and relatives, as Thoreau perceived, actually prefer the silver ore they so easily turn out in cartloads to the gold, hidden away in the highlands of their spirits, that they themselves know to be so much rarer and so incomparably more precious. There seems something almost perverse about it. It is as if the whole world were in league against them: as if it had agreed to bribe and bully them out of giving it that which they alone could give,

that which it would find to be of unique value, and to force them into giving only their second-best. Observing this, they are apt to grow disheartened and embittered. Their letters are apt to be filled, as Bizet's so pathetically illustrate, with the alternating cries of their artistic instinct, longing to be after the gold: "*Il faut monter!*", and of their worldly prudence, obliged to dig the silver ore that can so much more easily be turned into bread: "*Il faut vivre!*" And yet the public is not perverse, only human; and to understand its attitude is not only easy, but vital to any artist who wishes in spite of its indifference to produce his gold. He must understand that this indifference is not directed against him, but is universal, that it springs from a natural, normal and ineradicable human distaste for mental effort, and that in short every audience, finding originality as laborious to apprehend as the artist finds it to achieve, quite simply and spontaneously dislikes it. Be original at your peril; if you wish immediate popularity, you must imitate the current models. That is not, to be sure, the path to excellence. If you take it, Emerson will not let you forget that

"The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him, and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty to come short of another man's." And you will hear Thoreau's unanswerable question: "What is the use of going right over the old track again? There is an adder in the path which your own feet have worn. You must make tracks into the Unknown." Surely, they are right; and yet, if you heed them, it is well to remember also that that path of excellence in which alone you can find your own beauty is of all paths the longest, the most arduous, and the most solitary, and that that Unknown into which you must make tracks is of all places the most uncomfortable and the least popular.

The workings of the general public distaste for originality can be clearly seen in the careers of Schumann and Mendelssohn. The latter was far the less original, and therefore far the more popular. He could be depended upon to do the accepted thing, and to do it gracefully, with elegance and skill. He could be depended upon not to shock one by beginning a

piece abruptly or ending it unexpectedly or inconclusively. His melody was agreeable, his harmony smooth and conventional, his structure clear to obviousness. His pieces were full of *clichés* and rubber-stamps—familiar cadences, well-loved turns of melody, musical household words. Hence he was a popular hero, musical dictator of his day, universally admired: as someone said, "He could not stick his head out of the window but someone would shout 'Hurrah!'" Schumann on the contrary was a solitary, a radical, even something of a revolutionary. He liked harsh dissonances, clanging sonorities, elusive rhythms, unforeseen transitions. He did not, like Mendelssohn, respect your little habits. He was likely to begin a piece, as he does *Aufschwung*, with a sudden ferocious onslaught, or to end a song, as he does *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*, with an inconclusive chord, a musical question-mark. The *Arietta* of his first piano sonata ends so unobtrusively, with a single thread of unaccompanied melody, that you have to be on your guard to know it has really ended at all. Mendelssohn would have been more considerate, and added two chords of neat ca-

dence. Schumann, in short, puzzled you; he was always provocative, and that was often provoking; he obliged you, in order to respond to his thought, to think for yourself, and that you naturally resented. For his originality he paid by long obscurity. There was no shouting when *he* looked out of the window. At one of his wife's recitals a gentleman asked him if he too was musical.

As time went on Schumann's music wore better than Mendelssohn's. With familiarity its thoughtfulness and imagination became ever more interesting, while Mendelssohn's formulæ grew so threadbare that today he is even underrated. That Schumann's position is now so secure is due to the fundamental soundness and profound beauty of his music. In this way time is always a necessary ally of originality, and one reason there is so little effective originality in modern art is that our life is now so hurried and distracted as to give no chance for this necessary alliance with time. Art of any profundity can be appreciated only slowly, gradually, in leisurely contemplation. One must leave it and return to it, meditate upon it, entrust it to the subconscious-

ness. One cannot gulp it down like a cup of coffee at a cafeteria. Yet the cafeteria is not a bad symbol of our modern artistic world, organized for quantity production, appeal to the average taste, quick turnover, and what are called "efficient publicity methods." Think of what would have happened to Schumann, for instance, under our modern concert system. How much could people ever have made of his works if, like so many of ours, they had been hastily rehearsed and played but once? "New: first time": that sounds well on the program, and appeals to the press; but for a work of any originality what counts is not the first performance but the tenth or the twentieth. Where, as with us, all the arts have been reduced, by wholesale methods and standards, careless production, and ephemeral appeal, more or less to the condition of journalism, quality may be a positive handicap to a work, as involving departure from standardized commercial type. In such a world poor Schumann would have been completely at a loss. He might not, in fact, have got so far as actual composition at all, had he lived in our efficient days. He and his friend Mendels-

sohn would have been obliged in youth to submit to intelligence tests, or to psychological tests of musical talent. Mendelssohn, quick and facile, would have passed with flying colors. Schumann, however, impeded by the richness of his imagination, would probably not have passed at all. He would have stopped to think—and of course no one who stops to think can hope to pass an intelligence test.

II

Thus in our day originality is rather at a discount—we have no time for it. But, by way of compensation, never has there been a time when what may be called pseudo-originality has so flourished. Now the peculiar thing about pseudo-originality is that it always aims at pleasing others rather than oneself; it is the product of what we have called ambition rather than of spontaneity; hence an unfailing mark of it is its impatience, its desire for immediate and startling rather than remote and gradual effects. It prefers novelty to beauty, for example, as more quickly and easily perceived. For the same reason it toler-

ates or even cultivates exaggeration, a convenient appeal to the attention of the dull, instead of striving as genuine originality does for the restraint, sobriety, and justness of emphasis that alone wear well. Again it stresses externalities (such as color in painting, vocabulary in literature, harmony in music) rather than the inner thought with which true originality is preoccupied. Finally, tainted with egotism as it is by nature, it is always degenerating into mere oddity, isolating the individual from his fellows, instead of working in a tradition, as real originality does, and valuing its connections as the sources of its deepest power. Since the two sorts of originality are thus opposed at every point, a study of their contrasts is a good way to illuminate the essential qualities of the genuine kind by setting them off against the fallacies of the counterfeit.

Take for instance the incessant demand for novelty so characteristic of our contemporary arts—the insistence that everything should be strikingly different from anything we have seen or heard before: that language should make strange nonsense rather than sense, that

visual forms in painting and sculpture should be swollen, dislocated, distorted, that music should sound queer and ugly, that, in short, everything should be generally upside down, wrong side to, and back side before. The ideal behind all this is that of pseudo-originality, preoccupied with novelty rather than with beauty. "To seek modernity in art," Mr. J. E. Spingarn quotes some clear thinker as observing, "is to seek modernity and not art." Rodin remarks to the same purpose: "In the present epoch there is a ceaseless desire for novelty. That is a great fault. The works which I prefer are those of the Egyptians. They are 4000 years old. They are, nevertheless, newer and younger than those we produce. Things must be true in order to succeed. Truth eternal does not imply any need of novelty." "Things must be true in order to succeed"—that is what real originality always knows, and what leads Hocking to assert that "The normal source of the new is not direct attention to the new, but attention to the real." "Only silly folk," says Dewey, "identify creative originality with the extraordinary and fanciful; others recognize that its measure lies in putting everyday

things to uses which had not occurred to others. The operation is novel, not the materials out of which it is constructed."

In an article commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Brahms, Dr. A. Heuss maintains that Liszt is responsible for the fashion in modern music of seeking novelty at all costs. "The easiest way to achieve novelty," he says, "being to employ novel means, we have seen whole generations of composers intent upon creating such means, and overlooking the fact that the essential thing is not to invent means, but appropriately to use means—old or new, provided they are suitable. This unaccountable misconception led 'progressive' circles to assert that Brahms is 'un-modern,' has nothing new to say, simply because he does not resort to new means. That nowadays his music should be alive and in full bloom, whereas that of hundreds of composers who achieved 'novelty' is dead and forgotten, is a fact whose moral is obvious." Another writer on the same occasion pointed out that "After a period of excitement over exoticism, impressionism, expressionism, and so forth, composers are reverting to the study of poly-

phony and of form problems. They are sick of mere color, and long for form and design. Is not this," he added, "the very spirit of Brahms, who always considered that without loving labor and accurate comprehension of form, there could be no genuine work of art?"

The spirit of Brahms, in a word, was the spirit of true originality, the spirit which seeks everywhere classic beauty, the spirit which works through justness of emphasis, moderation, restraint, balance. Eternally opposed to it is the journalistic spirit of pseudo-originality, which, with its delight in oddity, extravagance, exaggeration, the use of superlatives, and the emergence of special features, is incorrigibly romantic. "The classic art," as Emerson says, "was the art of necessity: modern romantic art bears the stamp of caprice and chance. . . . The classic unfolds; the romantic adds." And it is easy to see why classic beauty must always appeal more gradually, and always to a smaller public, than romantic exuberance. Working as it does through the subordination of the details to the whole, it cannot allow any single feature to stand out saliently enough to impress the inattentive or

the dull. Its characteristic moderation is even supposed by such to be a negative quality. They do not discern, with Chesterton, that "Moderation is not a compromise; moderation is a passion; the passion of great judges." They do not understand that romanticism is only red-hot, while classicism is white-hot. Yet the truly sensitive are always won at last, slowly but very surely, by the intenser classic beauty, not impressing them much perhaps at first, but in the long run, as Tennyson says,

"Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes."

It is the extremes only, on the other hand, that pseudo-originality cultivates, in the service of the journalized arts. Never mind about enduring beauty. Unless your poem, statue, picture, or symphony has some special feature, some striking eccentricity, some "good talking point," it may not be able to get before the public at all. Beauty may be only a burden to it; and the very qualities of balance that in a happier civilization would ensure it long life may here prevent it from even beginning to live. In journalistic epochs potential clas-

sics are likely to be still-born. In revenge, however, works which do survive are apt to age very quickly.

III

Indeed pseudo-originality makes directly for shortness of life by its emphasis on externals, on the clothes of the work of art, so to speak, rather than on its living individuality. Nothing passes so quickly out of fashion as clothes: witness the hats in a photograph of a generation ago. Of music the external aspect, the clothes, is the harmony; the pretty but weak chromatic harmonies that in their day made Spohr more popular than Beethoven are now as outmoded as the bustles, wasp waists, and feathery hats of the women of 1880; yet we are now more obsessed with harmony than ever, and fancy that a composer's ideas are of slight importance in comparison with his "idiom"—his dissonances, sonorities, and timbres. We even classify our composers by their vocabularies: we divide them into "impressionists," "symbolists" "polytonalists," "atonalists," and so on. It makes one sympathize

with the man who said that all modern literature seemed to be "either erotic, neurotic, or Tommyrotic." This idolatry of harmony deserves the rebuke of Vincent d'Indy, himself one of the most daring of modern harmonists, but also something more, a creator of musical ideas. "The study of chords for themselves is," he says, "from a musical point of view, an absolute æsthetic error, for harmony proceeds from melody, and should never be separated from it in its application"; and, more specifically: "In order that harmony should be durable, it must constitute, not mere glistening surface, mere tapestry, but rather the clothing of the living and acting being which is the *rhythmed melody*. The costume, in this case, may safely pass out of style—the human person, if it is well constituted, will endure." The truth of d'Indy's distinction is proved by the survival in full vitality to our own day of Beethoven's themes, naked of the pretty clothes of Spohr, and unashamed.

If harmony is so superficial in comparison with melody and rhythm, however, we are driven to ask why pseudo-originality should so single it out, seize upon it, and exalt it to su-

preme importance. Is it not, we may answer, precisely because of this superficiality that harmony seems so useful a touchstone to the hurried and the inattentive? The chord is the purely sensuous datum of music, demanding for its apprehension no thought, no memory, no perception of relations. The simplest melody, the briefest bit of rhythm, you cannot grasp without the same kind of synthetic effort that goes to the understanding of a sentence of language; but a chord is instantaneous, unrelated, for the physical ear only, like an odd or a flavorsome word. Indeed there is a curious similarity between the "modernist" music-lover's infatuation with harmony and the literary euphuist's infatuation with words. Those people we have all met who like to sit at the piano and hypnotize themselves with a single chord, are æsthetic brothers of the man who raved about "that blessed word Mesopotamia." In the vaunted "originality" of much ultra-modern music there is in truth, as in such a sounding phrase as Cleveland's "innocuous desuetude," more euphuism than thought. Such a phrase may impress people who measure their literature by the number

of "dictionary words" it contains; those who measure by feeling and ideas will prefer Lincoln's "With malice towards none, with charity towards all," in which there is not a single "queer" word. No doubt this is what Dewey means in demanding that "the operation should be novel, not the materials out of which it is constructed." Novel materials, after all, stay novel so short a time. How threadbare, as well as rococo and vulgar, sound Liszt's strutting diminished seventh chords nowadays! On the other hand, to put together common materials in a new way, to make the words or chords of everyday reflect a thought under the peculiar illumination of your own mind—there is a task for genuine originality. Brahms is said to have experimented for a year with the possibilities of triads, the commonest of all chords, the one-syllable words of our musical Bibles and Shakespeares. Out of the tonic, dominant, and subdominant are built such wholly new and noble melodies as his *Sapphic Ode* and *Cradle Song*, and many themes in his symphonies, as are many of the finest themes in the symphonies of Beethoven

and the music-dramas of Wagner. These fields are inexhaustible.

To cultivate them, however, requires thought. Therefore we can understand that such composers as wish to avoid the trouble of thinking, and also desire to astonish the thoughtless (obviously two highly compatible aims) find it easier to resort to surface novelty, and to dress essentially banal ideas in complicated-sounding harmonies, like those writers who always call a barber shop a "ton-sorial parlor." Such is the method of X, a living French composer, who by writing utterly trivial music-hall tunes in two keys at once and calling the result "polytonie" (a telling trade-mark), gets a reputation for being highly "original." "X really has talent," said a leading chamber-music player. "If he had written in a good tradition he might have made some really beautiful music. But of course he would not have been so talked about." The desire for publicity is no doubt in many cases the chief stimulant of pseudo-originality, which is thus almost as unfailing an index of egoistic ambition as real originality

is of self-forgetful devotion to art. Pseudo-originality isolates the individual, distorting him toward idiosyncrasy, eccentricity, and in extreme cases insanity (for your lunatic is your only complete pseudo-original). Originality broadens and deepens him, fertilizes his mind by teaching it to draw strength from a living tradition, socializes and universalizes it. Pseudo-original is the attitude of the American composer who is said to have feared to study the scores of others, lest he thus dilute his own "individuality." Original is the attitude of Goethe, who was puzzled to account for his own originality. "People are always talking about originality," he remarked, "but what does that mean? If I could only say how much I was indebted to my great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be little left over." "The two greatest examples of eternal freshness and youth in musical history," observes Stanford to the same purpose, "are Haydn and Verdi. They were never too proud to learn from their contemporaries, or even from those far junior to themselves, and they are a standing and ever-living proof that the absorption of all that is best in other men's

work only means to a man of genuine invention the accentuation of his own individuality."

Lowell's definition of originality seems in the light of these considerations a good one. "The notion of an absolute originality," he says, "as if one could have a patent right in it, is an absurdity. A man cannot escape in thought, any more than he can in language, from the past and the present. As no one ever invents a word, and yet language somehow grows by general contribution and necessity, so it is with thought. . . . Originality consists in power of digesting and assimilating thoughts, so that they become part of our life and substance." In other words, originality is a plant which grows only in the fertile soil of a good tradition; and its vigor is proportional to the richness of its nourishment. "We lay much stress on the value of originality," pertinently observes an English writer on music, Mr. Francis Toye. "Yet we should reflect that the most artistic nations in the world's history, the Chinese, the Greeks, even the French, have been precisely those which emphasized firstly the importance of tradition, and only secondly

the importance of originality." To this may be added a keen bit of analysis by Van Wyck Brooks: "The writers who succeed ultimately in differentiating themselves most from the mass, in attaining a point of view all their own, are those who have served the longest apprenticeship; their early works are usually timid, tentative, imitative, and scarcely to be distinguished from others of the same school and tradition. This is because true originality is not so much freshness of talent as a capacity to survive and surmount experience, after having met and assimilated it, which implies a slow growth and a slowly and powerfully moulded intention."

IV

It thus becomes abundantly evident that there is a sort of paradox at the core of this question of originality, and that all efforts to preserve individuality, so to speak, in a glass case, only starve and smother it, while the apparent sacrifice of it to a free, wide-ranging curiosity results in its fortification and nourishment. He that saveth his (original) life—

so we might paraphrase—shall lose it; and he that loseth it shall save it. But while we may admit that this is so, we are still puzzled to see why it *must* be so; and here two writers can help us.

The first is Royce, who analyses psychologically the relation of consciousness to originality. He begins by remarking that "Conscious effort at originality is likely to involve either waywardness or self-imitation," since "the narrow span of conscious life is not large enough to permit the source of our most individual processes to become directly present to us at all. Hence our originality, whatever its grade, must in general belong to the unconscious side of our life." Later Royce particularizes the reasons for this important and unconventional conclusion that all valuable originality is necessarily unconscious. "Your originality," he says, "has to do with the gradual organization of your life as a whole, while your consciousness, limited as it is to a short span, flickers along from moment to moment, and never reveals the true meaning of your life-processes in their linkage, growth, and rationality. . . . The feelings of the moment

may be consciously original, but need not on that account be important. Your current consciousness interprets your true individuality much as lightning at night shows the storm clouds. Whence the storm came, and whither it whirls, the lightning, like your passing moments of conscious life, is too brief to show."

The practical outcome of Royce's analysis is this advice: "Give up the vain desire to seem, at any instant, consciously original. You could only deceive yourself by following that vain desire. What seemed to you most inevitable, and perhaps most commonplace, your fellows would often find the most original and the best about you. What pleased you as your most original product, others would see to be a poor imitation, or else a trivially wayward mood. . . . Your self-conquest lies in saying, 'I will serve as if I were nothing but a servant, but all the while I will not fear to be unique in my form and plan of service. I will consciously serve and efface myself; but when my individuality chances, nevertheless, to express itself, I will rejoice in the happy accident of having unconsciously done what vindicates

my right to be this individual.' Whatever originality is yours will then come as a matter of life. For it is Life, and not Consciousness, that in us men is the originator."

A more recent writer, Mr. Laurence Buermeyer, brings out similar points from a different angle of attack. "Personality," he notes, "is sometimes conceived in a purely negative sense. I am I because I am not somebody else. . . . To be individual, I must seek as much strife and difference from the rest of the world as possible. If carried through to the logical conclusion, this view makes of eccentricity the consummation of personality." (This is the point of view, in short, of what we have been calling pseudo-originality.) But Buermeyer finds the truth to lie in the exactly opposite view that "A man is what he is because of what he includes, not excludes, because he has a share in a world which . . . offers him a means for satisfying his will, for 'finding himself.' . . . We judge to be individual a man who has made, so far as possible, the thoughts and purposes of others his own, who can enter into and share their life rather than merely be different from it. In-

dividuality then means number, variety, and depth of connections with others, not isolated and atomic self-sufficiency."

Buermeyer then examines what Royce would call the lightning flashes of consciousness. "Primitive impulse," he says, "*feels* like individuality. We seem, in letting ourselves go, to be realizing ourselves most fully. Yet in such activities there is least to distinguish us from others, and we are most entirely commonplace. Each member of a mob doubtless feels that he is giving vent to something springing from the depths of his personality when he joins in a lynching party; but in his acts he is like everyone else in the mob, or at least much more like them than when he is calm. It is his *full* self that is unique, his full self moulded by all he has done and undergone, and not driven by any single impulse, with its partial and one-sided view of things." "And the coördination of all his powers, the expression of his total self," concludes Buermeyer in a striking transition, "is the same thing as the interpretation of an object in terms of all its relationships. The objectivity which is the consummation of art is impossible to one whose

mind does not feed upon the wider range of things which are a part also of human affairs: morality, science, religion. The burial of art in itself, and the burial of the artist in himself, are one and the same thing, and that is a burial. That way lie dilletantism, academicism, sentimentalism, and virtuosity."

Originality thus turns out to be, like happiness, a by-product: the surest way to miss it is to aim at it. And if we were to counsel a young artist in the light of the investigations just made we might say to him something like this:

First: Do not try to be original. Do not consciously think of originality at all. "The normal source of the new," as Hocking says, "is not direct attention to the new, but attention to the real."

Second: Since the real is limitless, broaden your experience by endless technical study (the releasing effect of which we saw in considering Workmanship) and refine it by the association with the best minds of all time which we shall consider presently under the head of Fellowship. In a word, seek beauty rather than novelty, though welcoming always

as much novelty as you can turn into beauty. Do not expect the public to acclaim work of this kind as they do what is startling. They never will; but if it is good enough they will imperceptibly grow to love it, and will preserve it.

Third: Do not be discouraged if your own type of originality seems, even to yourself, to be overshadowed by that of your more brilliant fellows. All genuine work has its own value. As Dewey reminds us: "The real standard of art is not comparative but qualitative. Art is not greater or less, it is good or bad, sincere or spurious. Not many intellectual workers are called to be Aristotles or Newtons or Pasteurs or Einsteins. But every honest piece of inquiry is distinctive, individualized; it has its own incommensurable quality and performs its own unique service."

Hence, fourth and last: Make no claims for your work, do not expect its ultimate value to be fairly assessed any more by your contemporaries than by yourself, since neither they nor you can tell yet what will turn out to be really valuable in it. Originality is terminal, not initial. Copy on the fly-leaf of your

sketch-book Emerson's counsel, even truer and more necessary now than when he wrote it: "Forewarned that the vice of the times and the country is an excessive pretension, let us seek the shade, and find wisdom in neglect. Be content with a little light, so it be your own. Explore, and explore."

V

Mr. Ernest Newman has somewhere dropped the sardonic remark that the difference between the good composers and the bad ones is that it takes the former a long while to be discovered, and the latter a long while to be found out. This, we are now in a position to see, is also the case as between originality and pseudo-originality. Time discriminates them. Pseudo-originality is so impatient that all its values are superficial, and bound with familiarity to pall. It is doubtless true that the way to immediate popular acclaim is through surface novelty, exaggeration, striking peculiarity of idiom, and the exploitation of personality. Yet all these things grow stale, and in the long run we are satisfied only

by beauty, balance, thought, objectivity. Therefore, if you are willing to be pseudo-original, you may gain an audience quickly, but you must expect to lose it soon; and if your ideal is to be truly original you must be content to wait long for an audience worth keeping. Not by one moment can you hurry the acceptance of what is good; not by one moment can you postpone the detection of what is spurious. Your one but sufficient ally, if you are a sincere artist, is time: time the implacably slow, time the incorruptibly pure.

V. *UNIVERSALITY*

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"The soul of man is a strange mixture of God and brute, a battleground of two natures, the one particular, finite, self-centered, the other universal, infinite, and impartial. . . . The infinite part of our life does not see the world from one point of view; it shines impartially, like the diffused light on a cloudy sea. . . . Its impartiality leads to truth in thought, justice in action, and universal love in feeling."

—Bertrand Russell.

I

THE distinction we have drawn between pseudo- and genuine originality—the one self-regarding, the other beauty-regarding, the one exclusive, the other widely inclusive—needs only to be carried somewhat further to broaden into the still more fundamental and important distinction between partiality and impartiality, between self-interest and disinterestedness, between the narrow view of the practical man and the wide

universal vision of æsthetic genius. This broadening is suggested by Buermeyer in the statement, already quoted, that "the expression of an artist's total self is the same thing as the interpretation of an object in terms of all its relationships." He amplifies his thought in this later passage: "It is because as intelligence and general culture rise to higher levels objectivity increases too, that we say that the greatest artist is the most impersonal artist. Of course, he is also the most personal. But his personality has passed into his world, and he shows himself in showing it." Or, as a writer on music, Mr. Henry J. Watt, puts the same thing: "When a man makes a work of art, he makes an object that expresses itself as independently of him thereafter as his own son ever could. . . . The greatest artist in his greatest moments seems not to mould and to form his works, but merely to yield himself to the impulses of artistic force. He is not so much a maker as a discoverer of beauty, however much he may have to grope and to search before he finds the true beauty. . . . His sole task is to find the true beauty and to recognize it then." "The artist," insisted Flaubert

in a letter to George Sand, "should not appear in his work any more than God does in nature. The man is nothing, the work is everything."

The impersonal view of the world and of their art instinctively taken by all supreme artists is by no means a matter of chance, but a rigorous psychological necessity. Everyday experience shows us that preoccupation with personal interests makes impossible that devotion to universal interests which we quaintly call "disinterestedness." Egotism and universality will not mix. This truth has been recognized and proclaimed by the best minds of our time, however emancipated from the conventional religious ideas in terms of which such truths used to be couched, with a force all the greater for this unconventional expression. In his *Man and Superman* Shaw describes what he calls "the true joy of life" as "the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." Galsworthy be-

lieves that "Happiness lies in breadth of heart" and says that "Art is ever unifying human life, through the common factor of impersonal emotion passing from heart to heart." And H. G. Wells writes: "I see myself in life as part of a great physical being that strains and I believe grows toward beauty, and of a great mental being that strains and I believe grows toward knowledge and power. In this persuasion that I am a gatherer of experience, a mere tentacle that arranges thought beside thought for this Being of the Species, this Being that grows beautiful and powerful, in this persuasion I find the ruling idea of which I stand in need, the ruling idea that reconciles and adjudicates among my warring motives. In it I find both concentration of myself and escape from myself, in a word, I find *Salvation*."

Others have spoken more particularly of thought, showing how philosophic truth is essentially universal, and how personal preoccupations shut it out, or shut us off from it. "All acquisition of knowledge," Bertrand Russell points out, "is an enlargement of the self, but this enlargement is best attained when it

is not directly sought. . . . It is not obtained when, taking the self as it is, we try to show that the world is so similar to this self that knowledge of it is possible without any admission of what seems alien. The desire to prove this is a form of self-assertion, and like all self-assertion, it is an obstacle to the growth of self which it desires, and of which the self knows that it is capable. Self-assertion, in philosophic speculation as elsewhere, views the world as a means to its own ends; thus it makes the world of less account than self, and the self sets bounds to the greatness of its goods. In contemplation, on the contrary, we start from the not-self and through its greatness the bounds of self are enlarged; through the infinity of the universe the mind which contemplates it achieves some share of infinity." In the same way Santayana reminds us that "the best things that come into a man's consciousness are the things that take him out of it—the rational things that are independent of his personal perception and of his personal existence. These he approaches with his reason, and they, in the same measure, endow him with their immortality."

II

It was on this contrast between the merely personal and the universal that Schopenhauer based his well-known theory of genius. According to him, since our primary approach to the world is through what he calls the Will—that is, through those personal desires and passions which he considers by nature insatiable—we are foredoomed to endless frustration: this is Schopenhauer's pessimism. But in the service of the will, he says, grows up another faculty, our intelligence, in which we are free and impersonal (or superpersonal), and which is able under favorable conditions and to some extent, emancipating itself from the will, to perceive the world as it is in itself, or as "Idea," that is, in its permanent objectivity. In the exercise of pure intelligence alone are we masterful, in all action directed to personal ends we are slaves: or, as he states it in the magnificent opening of his essay on *Genius*: "No difference of rank, position, or birth, is so great as the gulf that separates the countless millions who use their head only in the service of their belly, in other words look

upon it as an instrument of the will, and those very few and rare persons who have the courage to say: No, it is too good for that; my head shall be active only in its own service; it shall try to comprehend the wondrous and varied spectacle of this world. These are the truly noble, the real *noblesse* of the world. The others are serfs."

Now genius, according to Schopenhauer, is simply a superfluity of this power of pure perception, or universality of view, a superfluity that, detaching itself from its original servitude to the will, may become to some degree an end in itself. "Always to see the universal in the particular," he says, "is the fundamental character of genius, while the normal man knows in the particular only the particular as such, for only as such does it belong to the actual, which alone has interest for him, that is, relations to his will." And again: "The salient point of every beautiful work, of every great or profound thought, is a purely objective perception. Such perception is absolutely conditioned by the complete silence of the will, which leaves the man simply the pure subject of knowledge. The natural disposi-

tion for the prevalence of this state is genius."

Finally, Schopenhauer sketches the characteristic attitudes of self-centered men and geniuses in two passages that we may here combine: "The stamp of commonness," he says, "the expression of vulgarity, which is impressed on the great majority of countenances consists really in this, that in them becomes visible the strict subordination of their knowledge to their will, the impossibility of apprehending things otherwise than in relation to the will and its aims. All bunglers are so . . . because their intellect only becomes active when spurred on by their will. They are accordingly only capable of personal aims. . . . On the other hand, the expression of genius consists in this, that in it we distinctly read the liberation of the intellect from the service of the will, the predominance of knowledge over volition: and because all anxiety proceeds from the will, and knowledge is painless and serene, this gives to their lofty brow and clear, perceiving glance that look of great, almost supernatural serenity which at times breaks through, and consists very well with the melancholy of their other

features. . . . In general he only is great who in his work seeks *not his own concerns*, but pursues an *objective end* alone. *Small* is all action directed to personal ends; for whoever is thereby set in activity knows and finds himself only in his own transient and insignificant person. He who is great finds himself in all, and therefore in the whole. The whole interests him, and he seeks to comprehend it. . . . On account of this extension of his sphere he is called great."

III

It is worth while to compare and contrast with Schopenhauer a contemporary analysis of the psychology of disinterestedness which has the advantage of freedom from his pessimism. In three surprisingly original little books, *The Ultimate Belief*, *Studies in Christianity*, and *What is the Kingdom of Heaven*, Arthur Clutton-Brock has made a study of what he conceives to be Christ's essential insight, which, in spite of its sometimes conventional phraseology, is not only singularly free and daring, but also completely enough

disentangled from church doctrines and dogmas to be acceptable to modern minds. Taking as a key-saying the beatitude "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," Clutton-Brock, after pointing out that Jesus was obliged by the poverty in general terms of his language and the simplicity of his audience to express abstract ideas in concrete images, shows that by pure in heart he meant simply what we should call single-minded, what Schopenhauer would call free from servitude to the will, sensitive to objective and universal truth. "Christ is always telling us that we profit by things only when we cease to seek our own profit in them. The single-minded are those who are interested in people or things for their own sake, and not with an eye to any profit that can be got out of them. They are interested in them as an artist is interested in beauty or a philosopher in truth, not as a financier is interested in stocks and shares. . . . This kind of interest is a condition of all the highest excellence, as we know by experience. . . . But Christ goes further. He says that those who are single-minded are blessed, that is to say, happy, because they shall

see God. . . . When he said that they would see God, he meant that they would be aware of God with the most supreme certainty that the human mind is capable of. He used the word see to express that certainty, just as he used the word God to express the reality and the supremacy of goodness."

Clutton-Brock's great originality lies in his quite scientific and realistic analysis, free despite its terminology from all supernatural and superstitious elements, of this necessary psychological contrast between "impurity" and "purity," or, as we should say, between self-interest and disinterestedness. "What is the nature," he asks, "of the demands we all naturally and instinctively make upon life, upon each other, upon all things, even upon God, if we believe in him? It is that they shall be of use to us." . . . But, according to Christ's doctrine, "We see the reality of nothing so long as we see it in a relation of use to ourselves. . . . If we are to see things in their reality, we must escape from the relation of use to them and try to see them as they are. Then we shall find that we do rise into another relation with them, in which we see reality

itself, see that which Christ called the Kingdom of Heaven." And he points out by way of example that "Dostoevsky was an artist purified by suffering as saints are purified by it; for through it he attained to that complete disinterestedness which is as necessary to the artist as to the saint." "We cannot be aware of beauty," he says elsewhere in more general terms, "until we are freed from the instinct of self-preservation; until we see things no longer in a merely economic relation to ourselves. Sheep, for instance, become beautiful to us only when they cease to be potential mutton. . . . We must escape from that concern with our own individual survival which is called selfishness before we can be artists or men of science or philosophers, just as much as we must escape from it before we can be saints."

The relation of use is thus for Clutton-Brock opposed to the higher relations of beauty, truth, and goodness, just as for Schopenhauer will is opposed to idea. And just as Schopenhauer insists that "The genius has a double intellect, one for himself and the service of his will, the other for the world, of which he becomes the mirror in virtue of

his purely objective attitude toward it," so Clutton-Brock reminds us that while we are almost obliged to see some things, such as food for example, primarily in the relation of use, so that "If we grow cabbages, we are necessarily in a relation of use to them," there are other things, such as music, which we cannot understand at all if we see them in the relation of use. "If I listen to a symphony of Beethoven," he explains, "expecting it to give me some information of use to myself, information that will help me increase my income or cure my indigestion, I shall not hear the music at all. If I am to perceive that relation which makes the music, I must listen with the object of perceiving it and not of getting some profit for myself. True, to perceive it will profit me; I shall have the delight of experiencing beauty. But the paradox of the process is this, that I shall not experience the beauty if I try to experience it with an eye to my own profit."

The opposition of use and beauty suggested in this paradox seems to be fundamental, and has been recognized by most writers on the æsthetic attitude and its contrast with the

"practical" interest. Even Clutton-Brock's cabbages, of course, would be beautiful if we could look at them as disinterestedly as we listen to music; indeed when we forget that they are edible and look at them simply as color, there are few things that are more beautiful than a field of cabbages. "The traveller in anxiety and haste," says Schopenhauer, "will see the Rhine and its banks only as a line, and the bridges over it only as lines cutting it. In the mind of the man who is filled with his own aims, the world appears as a beautiful landscape appears on the plan of a battlefield." On the other hand, "Everything is beautiful only so long as it does not concern us. . . . Why has the sight of the full moon such a beneficent, quieting, and exalting effect? Because the moon is an object of perception, but never of desire. . . . To be of no use belongs to the character of the works of genius: it is their patent of nobility." This too is what Edwin Muir has in mind when he says that "The plainest truth about art is that it is superfluous," it is what Veblen means in calling science the product of "idle curiosity." "Practical activities necessarily," as Buer-

meyer explains, "go on in an impoverished and denuded world. The shadows and skeletons of that world put on flesh and blood when they enter the world of art. To feel the force of the change, we need only contrast the attention we give to the policeman who directs us to the nearest subway station, and the painter's attention to his model, or the biographer's to his subject. The latter seek to see and render their object in all its concrete detail. . . . To be a source of satisfaction irrespective of external relationships is to be an end and not a means, and such is the status of all works of art."

IV

The contrasts thus drawn between the universal and intrinsic values of beauty, to the perception of which we rise only through disinterestedness, and the narrow and merely derivative values of utility as pursued by the "practical" man, help us to understand some of the impediments to universality that have in the past impoverished our American life, and that despite the beneficial effects of recent

criticism still impoverish it. If universality is achieved only by an imaginative sympathy with all situations, a projection of one's self into all characters, temperaments, and objects, to which concern with merely personal interests is fatal, it is easy to see how almost impossible of attainment it must be in a pioneer society where exacting economic needs are unescapable. Until recently America has been unmitigatedly such a pioneer society, narrow, harsh, utilitarian, unimaginative, in which the finer types of mind were starved or smothered, and only the "practical" men flourished. The type of such men is the town selectman mentioned by Thoreau, who sees from the hill-top not the beauty of the pine-wood, but only the fact that its owner is not being taxed high enough for his wood-lot. The scarcely abated prevalence of such attitudes among us to this day makes Thoreau's *Walden*, with its pitiless penetration and whimsically ironic analysis of their absurdity, still the most significant of American satires. "I see young men, my townsmen," he there tells us, "whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses,

barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. How many a poor immortal soul have I met, well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot!" For himself he is careful to escape such a fate. "My imagination carried me so far," he admits, "that I had the refusal of several farms—the refusal was all I wanted—but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession. . . . I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk." "Enjoy the land"—so Thoreau sums up his philosophy of possession by imagination—"enjoy the land, but own it not. Through want of

faith and enterprise men are where they are, buying and selling, and spending their lives like serfs."

Whether the deadly effects of material pre-occupation are less or more, now that we have to translate Thoreau's "barn seventy-five feet by forty" into terms of coöperative apartments and motor-cars, each American artist has of course to decide for himself. But there is happily little doubt that criticism of our Babbitts and their Main Streets has in the last decade somewhat awakened the more thoughtful among us to the horrors of crude utilitarianism. Such criticism is helping our artists, scientists, philosophers, and finer minds generally to resist the contagion of herd standards, to respect and effectuate themselves, and thus to make their indispensable though intangible contributions to our common life. Its general purport may be summed up in an inspiring passage from Santayana: "All who feel the dignity and importance of the things of the imagination need not hesitate to adopt the classification which designates them as play. We point out thereby, not that they have no value, but that their value is intrinsic, that

in them is one of the sources of all worth. Uselessness is a fatal accusation to bring against any act which is done for its presumed utility, but those which are done for their own sake are their own justification. . . . We may measure the degree of happiness and civilization which any race has attained by the proportion of its energy which is devoted to free and generous pursuits, to the adornment of life and the culture of the imagination. For it is in the spontaneous play of his faculties that man finds himself and his happiness. . . . He is a slave when all his energy is spent in avoiding suffering and death, when all his action is imposed from without, and no breath or strength is left him for free enjoyment."

Economic utilitarianism is not, however, the only form that self-imprisonment takes; and some of the others are even more seductive to the temperament of the artist, and no less deadly. Over-subjectivism, for instance, is one of the most insidious. It is hard to be on our guard against it, since a certain degree of subjectivity is normal and indeed necessary to every artist, who has to interpret others' feelings by his own; yet when it exceeds that de-

gree it becomes stultifying. "Subjectivism," says Bertrand Russell, "the habit of directing thought and desire to our own states of mind rather than to something objective, inevitably makes life fragmentary and unprogressive. . . . Many men, when they are in love, are more interested in their own emotion than in the object of their love; such love does not lead to any essential union, but leaves fundamental separateness undiminished. . . . Only a life which springs out of dominant impulses directed to objective ends can be a satisfactory whole, or be intimately united with the lives of others." Paraphrasing Russell, we might add that many men, when they think they are in love with art, are more interested in their own emotions and in their pose as artists, than in the often humdrum and drudging work of their art itself. They are in fact pseudo-artists, victims of what is contemptuously called the "artistic temperament." Their art is only an idle exclamation or secretion, not a serious and careful communication. Highly revealing is the attitude of such pseudo-artists toward form; they habitually regard it with distaste or contempt, misconstruing it as a strait-jacket

that would confine what they call their "freedom of self-expression," instead of recognizing in it, as the true artist does, the avenue to other minds, and loving it with some of his love for them, or rather for the beauty that is potentially of universal appeal, neither his nor theirs, but all humanity's. The true artist, as a matter of fact, usually despises "self-expression," if he takes time to think about it at all. Flaubert, after telling George Sand that he considers the man nothing, the work everything, continues: "This discipline is not easy to follow. But for me at least it is a sort of permanent sacrifice that I make to good taste. It would be very agreeable to me to say what I think and to solace Mr. Gustave Flaubert with phrases; but of what importance is that gentleman?"

Youth, no doubt, is normally more subjective than age—that is one of the prices it pays for the vividness of its impressions. But as we live into our world we should become more and more absorbed and merged in it, and over-subjectivity in middle or old age is consequently a sign of arrested development—an infantile fixation. The natural growth is that

of Brahms, who, after a turgid and capricious youth in which he wrote promising but only romantic music, withdrew from the world for renewed study, "striving," as his friend Deiters tells us, "after moderation, endeavoring to place himself more in touch with the public, and to conquer all subjectiveness. To arrive at perspicuity and precision of invention, clear design and form, careful elaboration and accurate balancing of effect, now became with him essential and established principles."

V

Universality is jeopardized not only by narrow personal preoccupations, whether in the gross form of economic greed or the subtler one of subjectivism, but also by all exclusive allegiances to small groups or cliques. Even marriage is sometimes only an *egoisme à deux*; impartiality may suffer as much from fanatic devotion to a party as to a self; and disinterestedness may succumb to group interests almost as easily as to self-interest. Such considerations help us to understand the menace of nationalism. The right kind of nationalism

may be, of course, not only harmless, but highly beneficial to an artist, in so far as like other loyalties it brings him out of himself and leads him to identify himself with a group. Its danger arises when such a group becomes exclusive of larger groups, when nationalism interferes with humanism, and when, as always in the bitterness and unreason generated by war, a particular loyalty defeats universal loyalty. "The artist," says Emerson, "who is to produce a work which is to be admired, not by his friends or his townspeople or his contemporaries but by all men, and which is to be more beautiful to the eye in proportion to its culture, must disindividualize himself, and be a man of no party and no manner and no age, but one through whom the soul of all men circulates as the common air through his lungs." Such circulation is not easy now that so many windows have been shut as since 1914; yet it must be reëstablished if art, and all the higher human interests, are to breathe the breath of life. The universality of art, in all ages forgotten and betrayed by puny "patriots," is always being remembered and defended by great artists, whose deepest in-

instincts push them to internationalism. It was a century ago that Goethe said to Eckermann: "National literature—the term has no longer much meaning today; the time for universal literature is come, and each ought to work to hasten its advent." "Patriotism as understood today," prophesied Renan in 1878, "is a fashion that will last fifty years. In a century, after it has covered Europe with blood, it will be understood no more than we understand the purely dynastic spirit of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." Yet half a century later Mr. Buermeyer has to remind us that "Real concern for one's nation takes the form of an effort to assimilate whatever of value other nations have to offer it. To refuse to play Beethoven because we are at war with the people of whom he was one, is to confess to an equal ignorance of patriotism and music. To import nationalism, in the sense described, into art, is to betray one's country and to abandon art altogether." "Literature, art, and science," so Shaw sums up the matter, "are free of frontiers, and those who exploit them politically are traitors to the greatest republic

in the world: the Republic of Art and Science."

Other narrow loyalties, such as those to particular social classes and artistic cliques, seem to grow upon us here in America almost in proportion as we draw closer to Europe; so that as the dangers of the pioneer stage decline, those of snobbism increase. Is not the exaggerated class-consciousness of our time, in America almost as much as in Europe, largely responsible for our producing so few humanists, so many minor technicians, specialists, virtuosos, dilletanti, and snobs? Few artists nowadays are able to reach across the chasm that separates the cultivated minority from the mass of men; they have neither large enough hearts nor wise enough heads to understand the ordinary man through sympathy, and interpret for him his own deeper, and usually unconscious, values. Yet this is what the great artist must do. "Poets do not write for poets alone," argues Wordsworth, "but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which subsists on ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing

what we do not understand, the poet must descend from his supposed height, and in order to excite rational sympathy he must express himself as other men express themselves." Wordsworth was here writing especially against the manner of poetry fashionable in his day, against the so-called "poetic diction" that was as artificial, as removed from broad human appeal, as the "ultra-modern harmony" on which our musical snobs now so pride themselves; but what he says is even more true of matter than of manner. "It is into the obscure and inarticulate sense of the multitude," observes Cooley, "that the man of genius looks in order to find those vital tendencies whose utterance is his originality. As men of business get rich by divining and supplying a potential want, so it is a great part of all leadership to perceive and express what the people have already felt." But how many modern artists are there who are magnanimous and courageous enough to do this? How many are wise enough to discern, as Emerson did, that "to fail in appreciation of another is only to surrender to one's own limitations and put a term to one's power"? Instead, most of us

either suffer from what psychologists call an "inferiority complex," accept the values of the herd we ought to lead, and prostitute ourselves in the search for popularity, or else through an equally misleading sense of superiority cut ourselves off from our fellows in the sterile exclusiveness of snobbism. Thus arise those two equally absurd denials of humane artistic insight, the so-called "low-brow" and the so-called "high-brow." In both, egotism has defeated æsthetic disinterestedness: the "low-brow" has sacrificed beauty to the flattering acclaim of the thoughtless crowd; the "high-brow" has sacrificed it to an illusory sense of personal distinction.

When we think of the devastation wrought in our modern arts by snobbism—their thinness of atmosphere, their unreality of content, their preciousness of style—we cannot but regard it as one of the most fatal diseases of the artistic life of our time. It seems, for example, largely responsible for the decadence of our music and much of our poetry, while those arts, like architecture, which are beginning to escape from it are visibly taking on new life. Cooley's diagnosis of it is a wise and sym-

pathetic one. "Some tendency to isolation and spiritual impoverishment," he says, "is likely to go with any sort of distinction or privilege. Distinction is apt to go with an exaggerated self-consciousness little favorable to a natural and hearty participation in the deeper currents of the general life. It is right to have high and unusual aims and activities but hard to keep them free from pride, mistrust, gloom and other vices of isolation. Only a very sane mind can carry distinction and fellowship without spilling either." With this may be compared Clutton-Brock's analysis of the psychology of isolation. "We mistrust," he says, "the values of other men. We see them hostilely and in the mass, as if we ourselves were not of them. All our tired and frightened beliefs about the nature of man come from seeing other men thus; and nowadays we think it scientific to see them so, to judge them and their natures by the external symptoms of their conduct, and from these to conclude that they are animals or machines. But we are never animals or machines to ourselves; and the belief that we ourselves are exceptions to all our generalizations about mankind is a

mere idol of the consciousness. Yet we are always believing this through the pressure of our own egotism, believing that the further we travel from ourselves, the less we shall find of our own values; as if they came from a private fire in our own souls, by which only those near us could be warmed, and outside this narrow circle there were always an inhuman cold. When we free ourselves from egotism, we see that the fire is outside us like the sun and that all men feel its warmth as we do."

Those who feel keenly the difficulty Cooley describes, of "carrying distinction and fellowship without spilling either," may almost despair of combining independence and universality, and conclude that they are incompatible ideals. To combine them is indeed difficult, but not impossible. Bertrand Russell gives due weight to both in a striking passage. "Without some willingness to be lonely," he says, "new thought cannot be achieved." But he adds at once: "And it will not be achieved to any purpose if the loneliness is accompanied by aloofness, so that the wish for union with others dies, or if intellectual detachment leads

to contempt. It is because the state of mind required is subtle and difficult, because it is hard to be intellectually detached yet not aloof, that fruitful thought on human affairs is not common, and that most theorists are either conventional or sterile." It was the same perception that made Emerson insist not only that the great man keep in the crowd the independence of solitude, but that he keep it "with perfect sweetness." And this perfect sweetness, as Emerson both pleaded with such persuasiveness and exemplified in his daily life, is the fruit of love. "The good mind," he says, "chooses what is positive, what is advancing, —embraces the affirmative. . . . Omit the negative propositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. . . . The affirmative of affirmatives is love. As much love, so much perception. As caloric to matter, so is love to mind; so it enlarges, so it empowers it."

Such is the love that leads the artist to a universal sympathy, the love that cures all the diseases of partiality, that gives the everlasting answer of all humanists to all snobs, of the humanist in every one of us to the snob that is also in himself. Simple enough to for-

multate, it is of life-long difficulty in the application. Mr. Edwin Markham has put it all into a quatrain:

He drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win—
We drew a circle that took him in.

VI. *FELLOWSHIP*



VI. FELLOWSHIP

"There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead."
—Wordsworth.

I

IN a penetrating essay on *The Artist and His Audience* Clutton-Brock, contrasting Whistler's opinion that "art is not a social activity at all" with Tolstoi's that "it is nothing else," comes to the conclusion that the truth lies halfway between these extreme views. "There is," he decides, "a necessary relation between the work of art and its audience, even if no actual audience for it exists; and the fact that this relation must be, even when there is no audience in existence, is the paradox and problem of art. . . . Art is not merely 'expression,' but also a means of address; in fact, we do not express ourselves ex-

cept when we address ourselves to others, even though we speak to no particular, or even existing, audience. . . . All art gets its very form from the fact that it is a method of address. A story is a story because it is told, and told to someone not the teller. A picture is a picture because it is painted to be seen. And music is music, and has the form which makes it music, because it is addressed to the ear. . . . Day-dreaming is not art because it is addressed to no one, but is a purposeless activity of the mind. It becomes art only when there is the purpose of address in it."

But this address, Clutton-Brock hastens to insist, is to an ideal, not to any actual audience. "The artist," he says, "is not a public servant, but a man speaking for himself, and with no thought of effects, to anyone who will hear. The particular likes and dislikes, stupidities, limitations, demands, of individual men or classes are nothing to him. His business is not to find an audience, but to find the right attitude towards one, the attitude which is that of the artist and not of the tradesman, or peacock, or philanthropist. It is the universal in him that speaks to the universal in them, and

yet this universal finds an intensely personal expression." "Whistler's truth," then, he finds, "is that the public must not tell an artist what he is to do; Tolstoi's, that a public with a right relation to the artist will help the artist to have a right relation to the public"; and he sums up his own doctrine thus: "The artist speaks and we listen; but still he speaks to us, and by listening wisely we help him to speak his best, for man is a social being; and all life, in so far as it is what it wishes to be, is a fellowship."

The vital importance of fellowship to the artist is clearly implied in this analysis by Clutton-Brock of two enlightening but often ignored truths. In such general works on sociology as those of Cooley both of them will be found amplified. They are correlative and complementary. The first is that the artistic process is essentially social, or, as Clutton-Brock puts it, "Art is a means of address; we do not express ourselves except when we address others." This is expanded by Cooley to cover not only art, but all higher activities. "The impulse to communicate," he insists, "is not so much a result of thought as it is an inseparable part of it. They are like root and

branch, two phases of a common growth, so that the death of one presently involves that of the other. . . . Everyone, in proportion to his natural vigor, necessarily strives to communicate to others that part of his life which he is trying to unfold in himself. It is a matter of self-preservation, because without expression thought cannot live." And again, "We have no higher life that is really apart from other people. It is by imagining them that our personality is built up. Apart from this mental society there is no wisdom, no power, justice, or right, no higher existence at all. The life of the mind is essentially a life of intercourse."

The second truth, expressed by Clutton-Brock in the observation that the actual audience is never the ideal one, and that the artist has therefore always to appeal from individual men and classes to what is universal in them, is also generalized by Cooley to the principle that the actual environment always needs widening, either in space or in time, or in both. He makes an admirable analysis of the widening of the environment in space brought about by modern methods of communication, finding in it on the whole great

advantages, though he also recognizes certain dangers. "There are," he says, "two kinds of individuality, one of isolation and one of choice, and modern conditions foster the latter while they efface the former. They tend to make life rational and free instead of local and accidental. . . . Human nature is enfranchised, and works on a larger scale as regards both its conformities and its non-conformities." He exemplifies the individuality of isolation in the illiterate people of the North Carolina mountains, "living on their own corn, pork, and neighborhood traditions," and shows that such local individuality "can hardly survive the new communication." He has little comfort to give lovers of the picturesque in local costumes and customs, of folk-poetry and folk-music, but shows that while no modern art can escape eclecticism, it may achieve an eclecticism of choice rather than of featureless uniformity. "In the city," he insists, "we find an individuality less picturesque but perhaps more functional. There is more facility for the formation of specialized groups, and so for the fostering of special capacities. Notwithstanding the din of com-

munication and trade, the cities are, for this reason, the chief seats of productive originality in art, science, and letters."

Yet like all thoughtful observers of contemporary life, Cooley recognizes that this facility of communication has its peculiar pitfalls. "Although stimulated to greater activity than before," he says, "one must constantly select and renounce. An ever-present danger of the new order is that one will not select and renounce enough, that he will swallow more than he can properly digest, and fail of the benefits of a thorough subconscious assimilation. The more one studies current life, the more one is inclined to look upon superficiality as its least tractable defect." We are apt to forget that the value of fellowship depends on its quality: too great a quantity may confuse and distract more than it inspires. "Our inventions," Thoreau reminded a generation to which even the telegraph was a novelty, "are but improved means to an unimproved end. We are in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas; but Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate. . . . We

are eager to tunnel under the Atlantic and bring the old world some weeks nearer to the new; but perchance the first news that will leak through into the broad, flapping American ear will be that the Princess Adelaide has the whooping cough." One wonders if Thoreau, were he to find himself in one of our cities of today, with the radio belching inanities at every street corner, would think the American ear any less broad, or any less flapping, than it was in his time. "I do not know," he says, "but it is too much to read one newspaper a week. I have tried it recently, and for so long it seems to me that I have not dwelt in my native region." "We should treat our minds," he thinks, "as innocent and ingenuous children, whose guardians we are, and be careful what subjects we thrust on their attention. Read not the Times. Read the Eternities."

Contemporary fellowship, then, with its distractions and temptations to miscellaneity, must always be supplemented by the fellowship of the past, not only less insistent and far easier to select from, but infinitely richer, since the great spirits of the world increase

in number age by age, and at any time the majority of them are no longer living in the flesh. "There is no separation," Cooley reminds us, "between real and imaginary persons; to be imagined is to become real, in a social sense. An invisible person may easily be more real to an imaginative mind than a visible one." And in illustration he asks: "Would it not be absurd to deny social reality to Robert Louis Stevenson, who is so much alive in many minds and so potently affects important phases of thought and conduct? He is certainly more real in this practical sense than most of us who have not yet lost our corporeity, more alive, perhaps, than he was before he lost his own, because of his wider influence." In order to transcend the limitations of our accidental environment we have first to widen it both in space and in time, and then to choose from this ampler field, as Thoreau said, "such society as will abet us." Stevenson, imprisoned by ill-health in the South Seas, was an example of the artist reaching through space half across the world to the Europe whence he drew his mental and spiritual sustenance. Thoreau, no less imprisoned in the narrow New England

culture of his day, reached across both space and time, to the ancient philosophers of India and to the poets of Elizabethan England. "Marcus Aurelius," shrewdly observes Cooley, "told himself that he was free to think what he chose, but it appears that he realized this freedom by keeping books about him that suggested the kind of thoughts he chose to think; and it is only in some such sense as this implies that the assertion is true. When the palpable environment does not suit us we can, if our minds are vigorous enough, build up a better one out of remembered material; but we must have material of some sort." In other words, the only recourse we have, when our present fellowship proves uninspiring, is to select a better one, from the present, the past, and the future. To suppose, as disgruntled artists sometimes do, that we can get on without any fellowship at all, is to indulge ourselves in a fatal illusion. We can no more live in sealed compartments than plants can survive the loss of light and air. Those who attempt it, like the Ambrose Bierces and the Herman Melvilles of the New England from which Thoreau escaped to England and India,

become the hopeless introverts, the tragic failures, to be found in all narrow environments, the unwise who let themselves smother instead of finding an air they can breathe.

II

A chief advantage of the fellowship of the past is the universality of view it affords, such as can never be found in the present alone. Goethe thought that "one should not study contemporaries and competitors, but the great men of antiquity, whose works have for centuries received equal homage and consideration." Emerson's journal reveals, observes Sherman, "his steady effort to hold himself and his contemporaries under the searching cross-lights of human experience. He reads Plato, Cicero, Hafiz, Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, Dante, Montaigne, Milton, Voltaire, Kant, Goethe, Napoleon, Coleridge, Carlyle, because that, he finds, is the effective way to set his own intelligence free, and because freedom, he finds, means ability to move at ease and as an equal among such minds as these." Like all powerful artists, Emerson was perfectly aware

that such companionship of the past was essential to masterful dealing with the present. In the essay on *Quotation and Originality* he writes: "We cannot over-state our debt to the past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present." "To convert the vivid energies acting at this hour in New York and Chicago and San Francisco," he says elsewhere, "into universal symbols, requires a subtle and commanding thought. . . . American life storms about us daily, and is slow to find a tongue. . . . The test of the poet is the power to take the passing day, with its news, its cares, its fears, as he shares them, and hold it up to a divine reason, till he sees it to have a purpose and beauty, and to be related to astronomy and history and the eternal order of the world."

Wherever, on the other hand, this sense of the "eternal order of the world," the supreme gift of the fellowship of the past, is lacking, there is a corresponding lack of breadth of vision, of the sense of permanent values, of perspective and proportion, and hence of power to deal greatly with the present. Is not

this lack of the sense of values, due to a foolish contempt of the past and a consequent lack of enriching contact with it, a chief defect of many of our contemporary artists? Are they not like brilliant boys rather than mature men, full of talent and enthusiasm but devoid of mellow humanity and wide representative power? Or might they not be compared to plants of a luxuriant foliage but no roots, withering even while they blossom? Our period seems peculiarly subject to a sickness that might be called period-conceit, a bloated sense of its own importance coupled with a silly contempt of the past, a conceit just as fatal to power as that conceit of individuals which prevents their becoming good workmen. In science such a disregard of the past is recognized for the folly it is: no man would attempt to work in biology, let us say, in ignorance of Darwin, or in astronomy in ignorance of Einstein; and artists who ignore their great forerunners ought to be regarded as equally absurd. But most of our artists nowadays are too vain, too infected with period-conceit, to admire anything that is past; and consequently their art remains for the most

part anæmic, thin, inhumane, snobbish, and ephemeral. Says Mr. Chapman: "The worst augury for futurism is that it looks toward the future, and patronizes the past; whereas the votaries of every art that has come to greatness have always worshipped the past. They have claimed and reclaimed the treasures and technique that lie buried in all the great works of the world, which exist nowhere else, and which poets and painters rediscover as their natural inheritance, rejoice in, and reissue to mankind in new deliverances of human feeling."

III

The present is always, however, not merely insufficient through its purely negative limitations, but, what is more serious, positively, even aggressively opposed to all new and original work. Hence fellowship with what is creative in the past is a refuge as well as a resource. Each age in turn is both narrow and tyrannical; contemporary opinion always prefers the already understood, what is already hardening into convention, to the new and

tentative, the creatively non-conforming; hence great men are always out of fashion and have to strengthen themselves against contemporary neglect by companionship with the past. Bach's contemporaries, for instance, regarded his "most ideally great and genuine passages of human expression," Parry reminds us, "as ingenious feats of pedantic ingenuity"; and his own son, Philip Emanuel, who inaugurated a new style, considered his father's canons "dry and pretentious," and thought it "a defect of genius to abandon oneself to these dreary and insignificant studies." Beethoven was too rough and uncompromising to please the audiences of his time as did Rossini and Spohr. The amiable Mendelssohn was much preferred by his public to the disconcerting Schumann. Brahms has been quite widely considered "dry" up to quite recent times. The pure and joyous art of César Franck was lost upon a Parisian public that idolized Gounod and his sentimentality "fiddling harmonics," as Meredith says, "on the harp-strings of sensuality." And in our own day sincerity and moderation seem hopelessly out of fashion in a world given up to effects and sensations. In

short, as Cooley points out, the situation of anyone who "breaks convention, and strives to do better than the group around him, will in many respects be like that of the wrongdoer. Ordinary success is, after all, for second-rate men, those who do a little better than others the jobs offered by the ruling institutions. The notably wise, good, or original are in some measure protestants against these institutions, and must expect their antagonism."

But whence—this is the vital matter—is the artist to draw the strength for this necessary resistance to his contemporaries? Some writers have thought resistance impossible. "The taste and knowledge of their contemporaries," says Hamerton, "usually erect impassable barriers around artists. If there is no feeling or desire for a certain order of truth on the part of the public, the artist will have no stimulus to study that order of truth; nay, if he does study and render it, he will incur insult and abuse, and be thereby driven back into the line of subject and treatment which his contemporaries understand." Cooley takes a more hopeful view. "The ability to put his idea through," he says of the non-conforming

artist ahead of his time, "depends on his maintaining his faith and self-reliance in spite of the immediate environment, which pours upon him a constant stream of undermining suggestions, tending to make him doubt the reality of his ideas or the practicability of carrying them out. The danger is not so much from assault, which often arouses a wholesome counteraction, as from the indifference that is apt to benumb him. Against these influences he may make head by forming a more sympathetic environment through the aid of friends, of books, of imaginary companions, of anything which may help him to cherish the right kind of thoughts. From the mass of people he may expect only disfavor."

The examples of the musicians we have cited as protestants against the fashions of their day support this analysis. One and all they inspired themselves through a few living friends and many "imaginary companions." Bach, as we saw in studying his workmanship, lived with his great predecessors even to the extent of rewriting and imitating their works. Beethoven idolized Mozart, Haydn, and Handel, and rebuked some-

one who tried to praise him at their expense. Schumann was sustained by the faith of Clara Wieck and a few other friends, and by his devotion to Bach. Brahms was sustained by Schumann and others in the flesh, and by a passion for learning that wandered, we are told, "into every field, and resulted in a rich and most original culture of mind." The case of César Franck was perhaps the most remarkable of all. From the indifference of the worldly Parisian "artistic" world, so utterly alien to him, he was protected, first by the affection and admiring respect of a small group of pupils, second by the society of Bach, Beethoven, and the other masters he revered. Even in his busiest days of routine teaching in girls' boarding schools he would find time, his pupils have told us, "to discuss with them, as with perfect equals, their exercises and his own works," or to play them his choral compositions, "singing all the parts in a terrible voice." Returning from his brief summer vacations he would show them piles of new manuscript, saying with an air both mysterious and triumphant: "You shall see! I think you will be pleased! I have worked hard and

well." But it was in the companionship of the masters that Franck supremely lived. "Any one," says M. d'Indy, "who had encountered this being in the street, with his coat too large, his trousers too short, his grimacing and pre-occupied face framed in his somewhat gray whiskers, would not have believed in the transformation that took place when, at the piano, he explained and commented on some beautiful work of art, or when, at the organ, he put forth his inspired improvisations. Then the music enveloped him like an aureole." Yes, Landormy is right, it was his organ that saved Franck. It was there that he withdrew from his contemporaries in order to seek a higher society, there that he "harked straight back to Bach, and abandoned himself to his instinct."

Thus we all, in the measure of our capacities, escape from the triviality and the confusion of the present into the richer, more tranquil, and better understood fellowship of the past, with something of the relief of the ancient philosopher who spoke of having been led "from the dull monotony of noisy revelry to the endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought." We learn, as Bacon did,

that "In study we hold converse with the wise, in action usually with the foolish." One of the wisest spirits of our own day, the Mahatma Gandhi, whose wisdom indeed has been so far beyond that of most of us that he has had to spend a good deal of his time in prison, has given us this delightful confession: "If disappointment or despair attacked me at times, I would think over what I had read and my heart would instantly become gladdened and thank God. I would say that in this world good books make up for the absence of good companions, so that all Indians, if they want to live happily in jail, should accustom themselves to reading good books." Artists, we might add, are almost as subject as Indians to imprisonment, at least metaphorically speaking, in our modern world; so that artists too will do well to learn Gandhi's secret, if they want to live happily there.

IV

It is not alone in the past that we find refuge from the inclemencies of the present. There is also the future. And if, since we can

tell only in general terms what it is going to be, the future is one degree further removed than the past from the tangibility of the present, the thought of it is for the same reason even more able to comfort us for the deficiencies of actuality. So as we grow older we all find that our attention turns more toward the future, insensibly changing its equilibrium. If in youth the past inspires us, the present also fascinates: we are apt to feel that life has reached its acme in ourselves; love was never quite so intoxicating, art quite so beautiful, thought quite so illimitable, as it is to us. The gradual loss of this feeling leads some people to "disillusioned old age"; but others it leads to universal love, to what Clutton-Brock calls the Kingdom of Heaven, and what Bertrand Russell calls "impartiality." This is the supreme compensation for the real losses and disabilities involved in growing old. An essential part of it is a new sympathy for the young, and as a fruit of it a new confidence in them, and a final willingness to entrust to them our dearest hopes. Thus when Wordsworth sang

"There is

One great society alone on earth:

The noble living and the noble dead,"

he might have added, "And the noble yet-to-be-born." Our predecessors are the fellows of our youth; our predecessors and successors are the fellows of our age.

In the fellowship of the future the best minds find always much of their best inspiration. "It is because modern education is so seldom inspired by a great hope," notes Bertrand Russell, "that it so seldom achieves a great result. . . . It should be inspired, not by a regretful hankering after the extinct beauties of Greece and the Renaissance, but by a shining vision of the society that is to be, of the triumphs that thought will achieve in the time to come, and of the ever-widening horizon of man's survey over the universe. Those who are taught in this spirit will be filled with life and hope and joy, able to bear their part in bringing to mankind a future less somber than the past, with faith in the glory that human effort can create." So too sings Masfield:

“And we, who pass like foam,
Like dust blown through the streets of Rome,
Change ever, too; we have no home;

Only a beauty, only a power,
Sad in the fruit, bright in the flower,
Endlessly erring for its hour,

But gathering, as we stray, a sense
Of life, so lovely and intense,
It lingers when we wander hence,

That those who follow feel behind
Their backs, when all before is blind,
Our joy, a rampart to the mind.”

In June, 1899, Charles Eliot Norton, then an old man, who had inspired a whole generation of Harvard students and in whose feeble body spirituality still burned like a flame, addressed the Phi Beta Kappa. “For you, young brothers,” he said, “just entering on the perplexed paths of actual life, we elders, about to leave them, have no counsel more practical, no command more absolute, than that you be true to those generous ideals which now lift your hearts and shape your hopes. Follow their gleam; pursue never to overtake; the pursuit is all, for by fidelity in it you become masters

of fate and leaders of mankind. And we, your elder brothers, obeying the voice at eve obeyed at prime, today renew our youth with you at the fountain of those ideals which are the source of vital strength for youth, for manhood, and for age."

The fellowship of the future is to us even more than an inspiring companionship while we live; it is our means of immortality after we die. Readers of Samuel Butler remember his paradox of *Karma*—that our deepest life is that which we live in others, through our influence, and of which we are ourselves unconscious. "The life we live beyond the grave," he says, "is our truest life, and our happiest, for we pass it in the profoundest sleep as though we were children in our cradles. An immortal like Shakespeare knows nothing of his immortality . . . when it is in its highest vitality, centuries, it may be, after his apparent death." Butler begins his sonnet on "The Life after Death" with the lines

"Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,"

and ends it with the couplet:

"Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men."

Consequently, as Santayana has shown, "He who lives in the ideal and leaves it expressed in society or in art enjoys a double immortality. The eternal has absorbed him while he lived, and when he is dead, his influence brings others to the same absorption, making them, through that ideal identity with the best in him, reincarnations and seats of all in him which he could rationally hope to rescue from destruction. He can say, without any subterfuge or desire to delude himself, that he shall not wholly die; for he will have a better notion than the vulgar of what constitutes his being. By becoming the spectator and confessor of his own death and of universal mutation, he will have identified himself with what is spiritual in all spirits and masterful in all apprehension; and so conceiving himself, he may truly feel and know that he is eternal."

Thus we live so companioned by past and future that even if we cannot feel as our fathers did that there is any other world, it is

still possible to feel that this one is enough.

"There is no loneliness":—

(so sings one of our American poets)

"no matter where

We go, nor whence we come, nor what good friends
Forsake us in the seeming, we are all
At one with a complete companionship;
And though forlornly joyless be the ways
We travel, the compensate spirit-gleams
Of wisdom shaft the darkness here and there
Like scattered lamps in unfrequented streets."

And it is a chief compensation for growing old that as we learn to realize more and more the possibilities of the fellowship of present, past, and future, the lamps come to seem ever less scattered and the streets less unfrequented. A little boy, asked why he took off his hat to a stranger, replied: "O, he is a friend that I don't know." Besides our small circle of nearer and dearer friends, are we not all surrounded by this larger, less definite circle, shading off imperceptibly into all humanity, of "friends we do not know," with whom we live in a fellowship above time?

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